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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE DELAY IN THE APPEARANCE OF THE LIVING AGE IS DUE TO A GENERAL STRIKE OF THE PRINTING TRADES IN BOSTON. SOON AFTER MAY FIRST, WE HOPE TO RESUME PUBLICATION UNDER NORMAL CONDITIONS,—IN ACCORDANCE WITH ARRANGEMENTS MADE LONG BEFORE AND INDEPENDENT OF THE STRIKE.

AUSTRIA INFELIX

AMONG post-war paradoxes, Vienna stands out by being at once the cheapest and dearest of cities. For a foreigner taking advantage of the high value of his currency, as compared with the paper money of Austria, the cost of living and the prices of 'luxury merchandise' made in the country are lower than in other parts of Europe. For the citizens of the country, the disparity between cost of living and incomes is perhaps greater than in any other continental city. Merchandise which the foreigner buys so cheaply is made by artisans who are living on food sold far below its actual cost by the government, which purchases provisions with credits provided by foreign powers,—by artisans, moreover, 'who cannot afford to buy wood to warm their rooms and cook their meals, who cannot think of buying linen and clothes and shoes, or anything imported; who cannot afford to satisfy the slightest need of education or recreation, to buy a book, go to a theatre or concert, or enjoy the beauty of their own country.'

Dr. Adolf Lorenz, whom Americans will remember as the distinguished orthopedic surgeon who was welcomed with such honor in the United States not long before the war, in an article entitled: 'Vienna's Prodigality and Beggary' in the *Neue Freie Presse* says: 'My writing the last two years has been almost entirely begging letters to America. I have become an expert at my new trade, and endeavor in my letters of acknowledgment not to repeat trite phrases and stereotyped forms. I sometimes feel as though I had descended to the status of a professional beggar. But I comfort myself with the thought that I am begging for others, and not for myself. And I quote to those to whom I appeal the words which Raymond makes the beggar of Flottwell say: "I have asked alms of thee for thy soul's sake." ' The article is an admonition to the thoughtless profiteers and newly rich, who have flocked to the ancient Danube metropolis in order to spend their money, that they take thought of the misery which surrounds them.

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DOES IT RUN IN THE BLOOD?

SOME unpleasant revelations accompany the controversy in Germany over the disposition of the Hohenzollern estates. It appears that the Kaiser's cousin, Prince Friedrich Leopold, and his sons, have set a new record for princely dissipation. During the worst privations of the war their house dogs were fed only the best meats, such as veal and pork chops, carefully cooked for them, and in such abundance that they left large quantities untouched. Drunken orgies, in which the servants were compelled to participate, were almost a daily occurrence at their castle. The following, which is quoted from a summary in the London *Daily Telegraph*, is fairly representative of the evidence which this controversy has elicited:

One day the Prince amused himself during his toilette by making a servant act the part of a dog. The man was made to go into the bath room, and, on a whistle from the Prince, come out into the dressing room on all fours, barking and growling, and eat out of a dish of meat placed on the floor. In his intercourse with subordinate members of his household the Prince employed a vocabulary rich in superlative invectives. Curiously enough, he seems to have regarded the epithet 'German' as a particularly humiliating term of abuse. On one occasion he described the servants to their faces as 'miserable, dirty German rabble,' and told them that he was only waiting for an opportunity to 'smash their brains to pulp.' Another of his vituperative phrases was 'deceitful, filthy, impudent gang of rascals.' Moreover, such language was not kept exclusively for servants. The Princess was heard to say to her eldest son, 'Bah! Only a stupid German talks like that.' To this he replied, 'What! A stupid German! You ought to say German *schweinhund*.'

A KRASSIN INTERVIEW.

THE London *Daily Herald*, a Labor organ, publishes an interview with Krassin in which the Bolshevist Trade negotiator says, among other things: "A trade agreement isn't trade.... In a sense, it is a negative achievement. It has removed obstacles that prevented trade....If we had signed the agreement a year ago, trade between Britain and Russia would be in full swing the coming summer. You would be supplying to us the rails, locomotives, and manufactures we need, and we should be sending you timber, flax, and oil; and in all probability you would, for the first time since the war began, have received large consignments of wheat. Now it is idle to think about this year's harvest; there is not enough time. We must think of the next one—of the harvest of 1922."

Later in the interview, Krassin says there is still one important obstacle that has to be removed before anything effective can be done. 'If we send gold or goods to England, someone claiming to be a creditor of the Tsar's government or of a Russian capitalist, whose property has been confiscated, may attach that gold or those goods. A test case will be brought almost immediately to decide this. Sir Robert Horne assures us that since the signing of the agreement is equivalent to recognizing the Soviet government *de facto*, the courts are practically certain to decide in our favor. If they do so, well and good. Trade can then commence at once.

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GERMANY AND THE OCCUPATION

NATURALLY the German press deplores the extension of Allied occupation east of the Rhine, and is vitriolic in its criticism of this measure. Occasionally this comment takes a peculiar form. The conservative Berlin *Tag* observes: 'We breathe a sigh of relief. The French are crossing the Rhine—and we breathe freer. The Belgians send their billeting officers among us—and we breathe freer. Negro troop trains are halted at Marseilles to be turned back to Germany—and we breathe freer. Why? Is this not untold hardship? Does this not put both sides of the Rhine in possession of the enemy? Does it not stop production in our workshops, and extinguish the fires on our household hearths? Yet we breathe freer. We breathe freer because the London Conference has shattered an immoral system. We breathe freer because this final break restores us freedom of conscience; because we have at last torn ourselves out of the network of lies in which we seemed hopelessly entangled. Let us say it frankly. What lay heaviest on our souls during all this London talk, was fear that we might not tear asunder the net of lies in which we have been entoiled more than two years—entoiled by our own acts ever since the blighting and cursed hand of Erzberger signed the armistice.... The great castle of lies which the masters of falsehood who now rule the world erected has crashed to atoms.'

At the other extreme the Communist *Rote Fahne* expresses its opinion in a cartoon representing an emaciated German working man carrying a portly German bourgeois on his back, with an equally portly Entente bourgeois trying to climb up behind him. The legend is, 'One is enough.'

AMERICAN EDUCATORS IN AFRICA

AN American Educational Mission financed by the Phelps-Stokes Fund, is investigating the schools for negroes throughout Central and Southern Africa. It is in charge of Mr. Thomas Jesse Jones, whose reports upon negro education in our South are familiar to Americans interested in such matters. An amusing aspect of the Mission's work is the suspicions which it has aroused, especially in the Belgian Congo. These have moved the colonial authorities to make the following public statement: 'The inquiry of the Mission is not inspired by any political object, and it has qualified its action in relation to sending black teachers from America to the Congo schools. We have no guaranty, naturally, that the black graduates of Tuskegee and Hampton Institute might not inculcate into the natives here advanced ideas and pan-negro aspirations which would be very dangerous. Mr. Thomas Jesse Jones has reassured us perfectly on this point.' The incident occupies the better part of a letter from the Congo in *L'Indépendance Belge.*

JAPANESE SELF-DIAGNOSIS

HITOSHI YAMAKAWA, a clever Socialist writer, contributes an article to a recent issue of *Kaizo* (reconstruction) under the characteristic Japanese title, "A Frog in the Pond Looks at Japan," in which he asserts that the growth of capitalist control proceeds *pari passu* with the growth of democracy in Japan. Political parties represent capitalist groups, while the bureaucrats, who formerly dominated the

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government, have fallen into an anomalous position between the true rulers and the proletariat. This explains their unrest and irritation. So Japan, according to this writer's analysis, is just at present witnessing a conflict between the bureaucrats and the bourgeoisie, rather than between capitalists and the proletariat.

Another new class division is between landed capitalists and industrial capitalists, whose interests constantly clash. Yamakawa considers that the last vestiges of the feudal system are disappearing in Japan, to be replaced by modern capitalism in all its typical forms. The failure of the recent rice boycott, a defensive measure adopted by the landed interests, is a dramatic illustration of the defeat of agrarian capital by industrial capital.

CHARITY TAKES A NEW TURN

A WEALTHY Australian squatter, Peter Mitchell, of the Upper Murray district, has left five hundred thousand pounds for various public purposes. One-third of his estate is to be devoted to providing annual prizes to seven unmarried females not exceeding thirty years of age, British subjects, and bona fide residents of the Commonwealth, of a white race, and not the offspring of first cousins. They are to be selected on a basis of physical excellence, cheerfulness of disposition, knowledge of the elementary branches, appreciative knowledge of the Protestant Bible, and skill in housekeeping and domestic economy. The rest of the estate is devoted mainly to prizes for military and naval competitions. The donor agrees that gifts for the weak, and sick, and failing, are commendable, but believes that more lasting good is accomplished by encouraging the healthy and the strong.

GERMAN COOPERATIVES

COOPERATIVE societies are growing rapidly in post-war Germany. During the last calendar year, nearly 4700 new societies were founded and about 1,000 were dissolved; the net increase being 3,650. The total number of such societies in Germany now approaches 44,000. Unreported societies would probably add another thousand to this total.

Classified by functions, cooperative credit associations increased the most rapidly, especially in rural communities. Artisan cooperatives, formed to help skilled workers purchase raw materials and sell the articles they make, are also increasing rapidly. Among these productive cooperatives, the principal trades rank in the following order: bakers, butchers, cabinet makers, shoe makers, and tailors. There are 4500 such cooperatives in Germany. Building cooperatives are also prosperous and growing. Quite naturally, however, consumers' cooperatives are the most numerous and thrifty of these societies. During a period like the present, when such strong motives exist for keeping down the cost of living, they perform an unusually important service in Germany's distributive organization.

DUBLIN TODAY

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New Statesman* relates the following as typical incidents of Dublin Life:

'One evening recently I was passing along Camden Street, a great popular shopping centre, when a man near me gave a strangled shriek and dropped

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in some kind of fit. The people close by ran to help, but when I looked up hundreds of people were stampeding wildly to cover. Nerves, of course. Yet there was some excuse for nerves. The windows of the shop into which the unfortunate man was carried were pierced with half a dozen bullet holes, the result of a volley fired a few evenings before after an attempt to bomb a military lorry. Dubliners may be jumpy, but they manage at critical junctures to adjust themselves to the situation with less fuss than one would imagine. I learned this another night on a tram which stopped suddenly with an ominous jerk. No one knew what was happening, but amidst confused and threatening shouts outside a cry was suddenly heard, "They're going to fire." Instead of the shrieks that might have been expected, every man and woman in the car flopped from their seats without a word flat on the floor. Fortunately it was a false alarm. Soldiers had halted the car merely to search the passengers. I told the incident afterwards to a business man, but instead of being impressed he was critical. "You know," he said seriously "this lying down trick isn't much good. One of my clerks, who was caught in the Terenure ambush, flung himself on the footpath. Next minute every soldier in the lorry concentrated fire on him, thinking that he was potting at them. The trouble is to know what to do." '

THE SPECTATOR ON HARDING

COMMENTING upon Mr. Harding's inaugural address, the London *Spectator* welcomes especially the suggestion that America is, to quote the President's words, 'eager to initiate, anxious to participate, in any seemly programme likely to lessen the probability of war.' This journal comments: 'Navies and armies will, of course, be necessary for policing the world and for presenting the *ultima ratio* of force in the face of unruly members of civilized international society, but we may look forward with confidence if we can agree with America—and only fools or madmen would fail to agree—to cutting out of our budget the old excessive expenditure. If only we can come to an understanding there will be no cause for jealousy when America builds ships of war; her ships will be added to the aggregate of strength which keeps Peace upon her throne, and the more ships America builds the less will be the strain upon us.'

MINOR NOTES

THE British American Tobacco Company has seized upon the Chinese famine to popularize itself with the people of the afflicted territories,—though these regions do not seem at present a very promising market for its wares. The Company made a grant to its advertising department, intended originally to provide for coffins for the poor. However, this was afterwards diverted at the suggestion of one of the staff to supporting a soup kitchen. Commenting upon this enterprise a Shanghai journal, *Finance and Commerce* says: 'The example set by the B. A. T. is capable of development in various directions, and would doubtless in many cases prove a more effective persuader than the more orthodox methods which western practises have made familiar.'

ACCORDING to a Vladivostok dispatch received in Tokyo late in February, the army of the 'Far

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Eastern Republic' numbers 120,000 bayonets, stationed in the maritime province of Siberia and along the railway to the Manchurian frontier. The railway itself, is reported to be in such a dilapidated condition as to be almost out of service.

In this Far Eastern army, which is causing some concern to the Japanese on account of its Bolshevist sympathies, there are some 700 Koreans, who are reported to be trained according to Bolshevist methods and to be better equipped and fed than any other troops. After their period of training has been completed, they will probably be sent to Korea to propagate Red doctrines.

RAILWAY wages in Poland, in striking contrast with those in the United States, are but a third or a fourth as much as those of workers in other branches of employment. Even though the government provides its railway servants with free railway tickets, assists their cooperative stores, and sells them coal at low prices, this does not bring their position to the level of other workers. Recently a general strike occurred to protest against this condition, and the government proposes to increase the rates of pay.

CUBISM has found a new field of expression in Berlin, where an enterprising merchant has brought consternation to one neighborhood by decorating his storefront and show-windows with extreme futurist designs. To judge by a newspaper picture, they are likely to make the late wayfarer, who stumbles upon them for the first time, hasten to sign the pledge or consult a psychiatrist. The Berlin police, as conservative in art as they are in politics, have cited the merchant before the courts for 'disturbing the harmony of the streets.'

THE Germans seem to have received about the proportion of the vote in Upper Silesia they anticipated—from 65 to 85 percent. They now congratulate themselves that the effect of what they consider the bias against Germany shown by the French authorities in occupation really aided the German cause, by creating a reaction among many of the Poles themselves in Germany's favor.

THE London *New Statesman* predicts that the conflict in ideals and antecedents between Secretary of State Hughes and Secretary of the Interior Fall, will result in a dispute over Mexico, and inquires: 'If such a conflict should occur, what chance of survival will Mr. Hughes enjoy?'

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KING "NIKITA" OF MONTENEGRO

[King Nicholas of Montenegro, who recently died in exile a reputed pensioner of the French government, interested Europe on account of his personality and history, far more than his political importance or that of his country justified. The two following sketches illustrate this. The first is by 'Roda Roda,' and appeared in the Vienna Neue Freie Presse of March 6. The second, by Hermann Wendel, is from the Frankfurther Zeitung of the same date.]

I.

MONTENEGRO'S first and only king has just died in exile in his eightieth year. He died poor in the world's goods—at least so his friends assert, perhaps to refute the charge that he betrayed and sold his fatherland. However, his life was extraordinarily rich in experience and adventure, and his personality was one of the most interesting in Europe.

He was born in 1842 and the little house where he saw the light of day still remains. The old king used to spend three or four weeks each summer in its modest rooms.

Danilo II. was assassinated in 1860. He was the predecessor and the uncle of Nicholas, and the first lay ruler of Montenegro. Previously, the land had been administered by its bishops.

Thereupon, the widow of the murdered prince called her favorite nephew to the throne. He was then eighteen years old, and had been betrothed for her full lifetime to the fourteen year old maiden who then became his bride. It was a happy marriage blessed by ten daughters and three sons. And the widow survived to accompany her husband to his grave.

For five and forty years Nicholas ruled, and if he is conscious today and ponders upon earthly things, he must smile with satisfaction as he recalls them. He raised his little principality from anarchy and barbarism to the standing of a modern state. He converted the hamlet of Cetinje into a tidy little city. He saw his territories and the number of his subjects quadrupled. His fellow-countrymen, with their gift for poetry and song, will immortalize their old Nicholas, the Prince who constantly wore the national costume, who knew every man of them personally, who every Sunday dispensed patriarchal justice under the historic elm in front of his palace. He was a man to whom they bowed in return to his bows. He was not only their supreme judge and ruler, but their physician, their poet, their orator, their commander-in-chief, their postmaster, their theater director, their chief engineer, and architect, and their minister of finance. He combined in his person practically all of the activities of the state.

He was a man of rare gifts, of profound knowledge of his fellowmen, of keen understanding, of thorough education. His political instinct was infallible, his memory was astounding. He was a tireless worker. During his entire active life, he spent fourteen hours a day at his desk.

He personally kept track of everything. If you, a foreigner, registered at the Royal Hotel of his capital, he knew your name ten minutes later. If you were not able to get

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a stamp at the Post Office, he would get it for you. He kept all stamps of more than ten-cent denomination in his private safe. He had you brought over to his little palace, and if you wore a frock coat, he gave you a formal reception in his throne room and bestowed an order on you.

He edited his nation's newspaper, *Glas Crnogorca*, and composed patriotic metrical dramas such as the *Balkanska Carica* (the Empress of the Balkans.) He wrote his country's national hymn expressing the longing of the mountain shepherd for the meadows of the lowlands far below:

After fighting the Turks for three years, from 1875 to 1878, he was able at last to lead his 'falcons' (heroes) to the sea, and to win a permanent foothold on the coast by the peace of San Stefano. To be sure, he was not permitted to keep a navy or even to grant rights of anchorage to foreign war ships; Austria looked out for that. But he clung successfully to the other sea rights so reluctantly granted at Berlin.

Let us add, in order to put Balkan wars in their true proportions, that during these three years of fighting with the Turks his principality lost altogether only a thousand men, though it thereby extended its sway for the first time over Turks and Albanians, as well as brother Slavs. The Montenegrins hate these foreigners bitterly, but their prince personally favored and protected them, although he could not prevent entirely their ill-treatment.

For only in appearance was he the unlimited master of his country. Montenegro had fought for centuries the larger nations which surround it. It had never submitted permanently to a foreign yoke. Its people pride themselves with being the only South Slav race, except the Croats, which has not received a drop of Turkish blood into its veins. During centuries of partisan warfare with their hereditary enemy, the Turk, the nation was brutalized. Its men wore necklaces of Turkish noses, and became callous to horrible cruelties. At the same time, it acquired the discipline and virtues of a warrior race, and a tribe of 'sword nobles' sprang up, which gave the country many distinguished names. So the Royal House is only first among equals. In the battle of Grahovo in 1862, nine princes of the ruling clan fell. These noble families furnished the prince with councillors and body guards—and also, occasionally, with rebels ready and able to defy the power of their master. On the whole, however, the old nobility remained devotedly loyal to its chief. But the young students, who came back from Belgrade University dreaming passionately of a greater Serbia, were his open and bitter enemies.

Nicholas tried to form a class of educated bureaucrats. Every autocratic ruler needs such men. But he wished the rank and file of the nation to remain in the innocence of ignorance. More than that, he did not want them to become too rich. In his effort to keep them in a state of wholesome poverty, Nicholas adopted a different policy from that of other monarchs of his class. He derived more bountiful revenues from the subsidies paid him by intriguing governments—Russia, Italy, and Austria—than he could possibly have procured by scientific taxation and industrial development. He did not need to dicker over these subsidies with his parliament. But this foreign bounty would have ceased, if the Prince could not exhibit visible evi-

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dences of national distress. Thousands and thousands of Montenegrins were forced to earn their bread abroad, in Constantinople and America. The Prince gave them no opportunity to prosper at home. To tell the truth, such a policy is needed in a nest where you breed 'falcons.' Sordid labor would have spoiled your Montenegrin warrior and dishonored him. He works only when he is out of sight, in some foreign country.

This constant begging for subsidies made the country and its king a joke throughout Europe. No one took him seriously. People called him 'Nikita,' a meaningless variation of his name's diminutive. A thousand fictitious beggars' tricks were attributed to him by international gossip, but that was hardly necessary. Nicholas invented enough genuine schemes to fill a chapter.

For many years, he kept an Arab pony, which his modest princess drove about in a basket pony cart. Finally the pony died, and Nicholas conceived a desire for two fine coach horses. The Royal and Imperial Embassy in Cetinje hastened to convey the King's desire to certain authorities who might gratify it, in fact to the Emperor of Austria himself, who kept a famous stud at Lipizza. Kaiser Franz Josef at once sent a span of beautiful steeds to Cattaro. A royal gift ought to be delivered in perfect condition, and one of the horses might be injured on shipboard. Therefore three horses were sent. They all arrived at Cetinje, as chance would have it, in perfect shape, and two were duly delivered to Nicholas. However, he had learned that there was a third, and secured that too by representing to the Austrian commissioned to deliver them, that one of those he had received had gone lame in the royal stable. However, he did not return the lame horse.

Here is another. Nicholas once urgently needed money. He sent some his of men down to the Austrian town of Ragusa, and bombarded them with postal orders from Cetinje. These were all paid by the Austrian post office, and Nikita's agents returned home with their booty. However, the Montenegrin post office never settled its account with the Austrian post office for these orders.

The boundary line between Montenegro and Herzegovina runs through the desolate wild Carso, where it was an easy matter to overlook its existence even in broad daylight. This naturally encouraged constant boundary episodes and smuggling enterprises. The Vienna Foreign Office generally settled them, without making any difficulties, by small payments to their neighbor. Nicholas was always the one to profit by such incidents. If they did not occur spontaneously, he had them produced to order. Finally an energetic 'Royal and Imperial' boundary official, wearied of the incessant friction and writing back and forth, ordered his officers to shoot the next offenders on sight, saying that he would assume all responsibility. From that moment, perfect law and order prevailed as far as his jurisdiction extended. Another boundary official played a shrewd trick. He showed Prince Nicholas the range chart of Fort Wermatsch. The Prince noted a little red cross on it. The officer replied with a smile, 'Yes, that is Your Highness' palace. It happens to be within range of our guns.'

The greatest day in Nicholas' life was when Tsar Alexander III., at Petrograd, lifted his glass and drank the health of his royal guest as his

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'devoted friend and cousin.' Up to the last day of his political career, Nicholas kept that toast framed, hanging in his office, side by side with another framed document by which the Emperor of Austria—to counteract the effect of the Petrograd toast—appointed the King of Montenegro honorary colonel of the 55th Infantry Regiment.

Yes that was a great day, indeed! The Tsar thereby conferred full royal legitimacy upon the House of Nicholas. The old Prince did not get along well with his sons. Not one of them was an honor to the dynasty. However, his daughters did better. The oldest of them married a pretender without prospects. The second became the bride of the Grand Duke Peter Nikolaievich, and acquired great influence in the Russian court. Another daughter married the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and later the Archduke Nicholas; and still another married one of the Battenbergs. The fairest of them all, and her father's favorite, Helena, wedded the King of Italy. Three of the ten daughters died early in life, and the two youngest, still unmarried, accompanied their father into exile.

Subsidies continued to pour a constantly richer stream into the royal treasury. Nicholas drew closer to Russia. It was not until after his daughter became Queen of Italy, that this country began to present him with mountain batteries. Eventually, the old King became nominally an enemy of Austria, but this was only on the surface.

On August 28, 1910, the Prince celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his reign by proclaiming himself King. That was the climax of his easy days as a ruler. Almost immediately, the clouds began to gather—the first haze presaging the Balkan conflagration. The time had come when only Turkey stood in the way of the union of Montenegro with Serbia. If Turkey were destroyed by a Balkan war, would Montenegro be able to resist the stifling embraces of its stronger brother nation?

When the war began, Nicholas struck his blow eight days before his allies. It is certain that this was all arranged with them beforehand. That act was more than a mere stock jobbing incident. And yet Vienna could name the securities which Nicholas had received, could name his brokers, and could figure out his winnings. That was the degree of respect men felt for the King of Montenegro. He captured Skutari through a shrewd intrigue with Essad Pasha. But his profit from the deal was extorted from him. He had made a fatal miscalculation. Serbia not only defeated Turkey, but then turned around and whipped Bulgaria, thus expanding menacingly in all directions.

We are told that King Nicholas fought a bitter conflict with himself in the critical days of 1914, before he yielded to the pressure of his advisers and declared war against the old Emperor Franz Josef. A crisp order from Petrograd finally decided him. He knew that all would not end well. In case Germany won, Austria would seize Mt. Lion and the neighboring heights, in order to render its naval base at Cattaro impregnable, and would thereby push its boundaries to within rifle shot of Cetinje. But were Germany defeated and Austria dismembered, then goodbye to Montenegro. Powerful Slav-Serbia would stifle its little brother in its embraces.

Late in 1915, when Mackensen had penetrated far into the Balkans, it

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looked as if the safest gamble would be Austria. Nicholas made a separate peace with Franz Josef. His friends say Serbia forced him to it, in order to discredit him with the Entente and the South Slavs, and to attaint him with treason.

And, indeed, Austria's capture of Mt. Lion was one of the miracles of the war. Do you know its precipitous, almost over-hanging cliffs? Have you seen this bastion of Montenegro? It rises perpendicularly for 7,000 feet from the sea. Yet one winter day, on January 10, 1916, it was captured almost without casualties. The Austro-Hungarian Reserve Division, which made the frontal attack, lost altogether seventy old men. If a choral union of 15,000 members had marched up the mountain with flags and music in times of peace, it might easily have left as many as that behind.

Nicholas did not sell Mt. Lion. But the rumor that he had sold it received so much credence in Montenegro that this alone disheartened its defenders. 'Falcons' were no longer willing to stake their lives,—certainly not for a King who had deceived them so many times, and for a dynasty whose degeneracy was advertised by its three worthless sons.

It was a good move for the Serbians thus to convict Montenegro of treachery. The fact that 30,000 war-wearied 'falcons' were thus put out of action counted for less in that country's calculations. 'Suppose the Montenegrins do permit the Austrians to disarm them! It is far more important for Serbia to discredit Nicholas before all the Slavs.' This, at least, is what the old King's defenders claim was Serbia's plan. There are only a few of the latter,—perhaps a thousand or so. His enemies charge him with outright treason.

However, Montenegro's independence, which the King fostered like a hot house plant, could not survive. It was always a half-starved child. The old King's grave covers not only his mortal remains, but also the remains of the little state he ruled.

II.

Anecdotes have overgrown the reputation and personality of the old King of Montenegro, as they have those of hardly any other character in history, except perhaps our own 'Old Fritz' and the Emperor Napoleon. In case of Nicholas, however, they relate to less edifying exploits than heroic campaigns and mighty conquests.

Among the countless more or less trustworthy stories of this kind, is one which relates how the Sultan once sent a pleasure yacht as a token of esteem to his 'beloved Nicholas.' When the Montenegrin ruler was inspecting the boat in Cattaro harbor, he was immensely taken with the fine silver service in the dining room, and prudently shipped it off at once under a strong guard to Cetinje. The next day, the Turkish dignitary who had accompanied the gift, was informed of the angry disappointment of the Prince at discovering that this service—'certainly without the knowledge of the mighty sovereign at Constantinople!'—was made of cheap China silver. There was an immense sensation, with much hurried telegraphing to Stamboul. The people of the Sultan's palace put their heads together and laughed sarcastically among themselves. Finally Abdul Hamid, who knew his princely customer very well, presented the latter with a new silver service. After that date, the Royal Palace at Cetinje

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was resplendent with two magnificent sets of silver of the same pattern,—both of them of the purest sterling!

But Nicholas was something more than a jolly comic opera king. Although he was fond of acting the part of a benevolent and heroic patriarchal father to his people before foreign visitors at his capital, and was expert at throwing dust in the eyes of such observers, he rivaled in his cruelty and vice the worst of our German robber barons of the Eighteenth Century, or the most degenerate knights of Bourbon blood. With all due respect for the proverb: *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*! one can hardly go further in the way of extenuation than to ascribe much of his character, his avarice, his cruelty, his tyranny, his deceit, to his environment and his education.

Nicholas retained the innocence of childhood only during the period when, as a poor shepherd boy clothed in a single slip, he herded lambs and goats with the other children of his native village. Later he attended the public school in Cetinje Cloister, at that time the only such institution in the country. When his uncle, Danilo, ascended the throne in 1851, intent on finishing the work of his predecessor and substituting an autocratic monarchy for the ancient tribal democracy of the Montenegrins, and of making himself a strictly lay ruler by renouncing the bishop's title, the young nephew was sent to Paris, armed with much pocket money and a letter of recommendation to the Third Napoleon, to complete his studies. However, what the young half-barbarian learned in the decadent atmosphere of the Last Empire, was not taught him by the teachers of the Lycée Louis le Grand. He only veneered there the native savagery of a child of nature with the more polished vices and depravity of an avaricious modern. His Paris experience contributed a considerable part to the evil in his character.

When the shot of an assassin, avenging a family's violated honor, removed the worthy uncle of Nicholas from the world's stage in 1860, the young lad, not yet nineteen, became the ruler of a land, which eighteen years later the Congress of Berlin was to broaden into a principality having an area of 9,000 square kilometers and 200,000 inhabitants. The new ruler rapidly won favor with his fellow countrymen by his imposing physique, his bold attitude, and his bluff manner. He posed as a singer and a hero, equally ready to lead a little band of his countrymen in their favorite sport of raiding the Turks, or to join them in a musical festival. In this romantic springtime of his tyranny, he composed the song, 'Yonder on the Mountain Heights,' which became a sort of national hymn; and even in later life, when avarice had otherwise wholly mastered him, he competed eagerly for the muse's laurels. But though his flatterers have extolled him as one of the first of the South Slav poets, on the strength of his lyric, epic, and dramatic efforts, he was in truth but a commonplace songster—a crowned rhymesmith.

None the less, his poetic halo impressed deeply his simple subjects and graced the ruler in their eyes with the attributes of a superman. This reputation Nicholas shrewdly employed to strengthen his hold upon his poor and ignorant subjects. When the country was afflicted with a drought, he had a habit of keeping a close eye on the barometer, in order that he might lift his royal prayers to

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Heaven, with imposing pomp and public ceremonies, at just the proper moment to have them followed by the sought for rain. He thus impressed the masses with the good relations existing between their ruler and the ruler of the universe. He used a coming solar eclipse, which he had learned of through the newspapers, to intimidate some of his restless subjects, solemnly predicting its arrival as a special token of Divine displeasure. By such devices, the *Goschpodar*, or Lord, as he was called for short, gained the fame of almost supernatural powers among his superstitious subjects; and though his despot's fist rested heavily upon them, their hereditary loyalty and acquired reverence kept them submissive.

When the Austrians were occupying the country during the recent war, they circulated a sarcastic song about Nicholas, describing him as a cattle thief. One day, a Montenegrin appeared at the headquarters of the Commandant in Podgoritza to complain about this. When it was explained to him that the song was based on facts, the son of Montenegro answered frankly: 'I know it's true, for I know Nicholas better than you do. But it's disgraceful to talk of our Lord that way, so I've come to pay for the cattle he stole and to have the matter hushed up.'

Nicholas always realized in the bottom of his heart that the business of ruling a country is a business for profit just like any other, and he did not stop at taking cattle when he reached out his hand. Though he did not know the first elements of political economy, he was perfectly convinced of the soundness of Guizot's injunction: 'Get rich!' and for almost two generations, he plundered his people right and left. He was always on the job, and for more than five and forty years, he was *de jure* as well as *de facto*, an absolute autocrat, hampered by no constitution, no parliament, no check whatever on his authority. His power was based on his bodyguard of desperate and loyal followers, who shrank from nothing, and on the village head men who were both administrative and judicial officers, and were in every case his own creatures. Mimicking Louis XIV. he used to say: 'I am the law.' He treated the public treasury as his private purse, and his personal crimes ranged all the way from the caprices of a Caesar to the most cowardly assassinations.

A horrible procession of the ghosts of those whom he murdered during his long reign will form the ex-king's retinue across the Stygian waters: men shot, poisoned, stabbed, tortured to death—their number is uncounted. A man must lay on the blackest colors of the darkest days of the Middle Ages, to paint a picture of the Nicholas Era in Montenegro. Most of his crimes were for the sake of money, or at least brought him money; for the government confiscated the property of the executed, imprisoned, and exiled. Thus, the last of this royal race gradually got hold of the richest meadows, the most fertile plow lands, the most fruitful vineyards, and the most profitable forests in his sterile little country; and the ruler of the poorest people in Europe built up huge bank deposits in Vienna, Paris and London.

A nation which had made political and economic progress would have revolted against such tyranny, but the poor shepherds and peasants of the 'Black Mountain' sought no remedy except voluntary exile. In 1912 there were some 1200 of the country's

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sons in Turkey, in Bulgaria, in Roumania; 4,000 had migrated to South America, and 21,000 to the United States. This steady emigration was a silent and bloodless revolution—both political and social. In 1905, the Russian Tsar, by one of the most ironical acts in history, insisted on the establishment of a Montenegrin parliament. The Russian autocrat had tired of paying million after million to support a Montenegrin army, merely to see the money disappear into the bottomless pockets of Nikita. As a result, Montenegro got a legislature and two political parties, and just the slightest taste of modern political institutions. However, the comedy speedily ended in blood and brutality. The tyrant seized the first opportunity to restore his unlimited power. The steel of the hired assassin and the lead of the firing squad speedily reduced the ranks of ministers and delegates who failed in due submission to the *Goschpodar*. The best men of the country crowded its prison or took refuge beyond the boundary. Thereafter parliament was merely a meeting of the Master's Mamelukes.

This 'ruler by Divine grace' observed consistently a single maxim in his foreign policy—that it is more blessed to receive than to give. Independent Montenegro, with a population no larger than that of a small city, became a pawn on the chessboard of Europe. Its native race was of the purest Serb blood. But the politicians and statesmen of Austria-Hungary and Russia preferred to have two royal dynasties at Cetinje and Belgrade to play off against each other in their schemes, and though all Montenegro was hardly bigger than a chimney-swallow's nest, yet the man who threw a stick at it might set the whole Balkan peninsula in a blaze. Nicholas used this happy situation with inimitable skill and shrewdness. Wherever thirty silver pieces jingled, he hastened there eager to barter his honor and to betray his people. His unscrupulousness was so absolute as to be almost imposing and to assume a trait of greatness. He took money from everyone, he made promises to everyone, he played false to everyone. He raised the trade of getting subsidies to an art. Millions flowed into his coffers from France in the days of Napoleon III., from Russia, from Austria Hungary, from Italy, from Turkey. A bevy of daughters was made merchandise for export, which he shipped abroad at a high profit. They were distributed among the nobility and ruling houses of Serbia, Russia, Germany, and even to the King's palace in Italy.

Back in the '60's, when the rising generation in Serbia began to dream of restoring the great Serbian empire of the Middle Ages, their passionate hopes dwelt for a time on Nicholas of Montenegro as the longed-for savior of their race. He concluded a treaty with the Prince of Serbia in which he obligated himself to renounce his throne in case of Serbian union. One of his poems of that date celebrates the day when he might lay his crown at the feet of the Serb monarch, and take his post as sentry before the royal tent. Hardly a year had passed, however, before he gave the national cause of the South Slavs a stab in the back. He advised Franz Josef, in 1875, to occupy Herzegovina, and in return for a bribe of 2,000,000 gilders, he helped to disarm the Herzegovinan rebels. He renounced his own pretentions to the Serbian territories which joined his own in

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return for an annual payment by Austria of 50,000 crowns. A little later, in 1881, he excited his racial brothers in Southern Dalmatia to revolt, only to help suppress them in turn for a Judas fee of 1,000,000 gilders. Meantime, his country served, in quick succession, as a sentry box for the Russian Tsar, as a branch office for Italian imperialism, and as an outpost for Constantinople.

During the World War, the old king tried to carry water on both shoulders. Not only popular report, but the records of history will prove that late in 1915, he sold Mt. Lion to the Austrians, hoping thus to save his crown and if possible to enlarge his territories. His tender of peace to the Central Powers, which he immediately withdrew, was designed for the same purpose. However, the 'Young Montenegro Party' which was in exile, seized upon this to promote its design of uniting the two Serbian countries and expelling the old Montenegrin dynasty. The headquarters of this party were in Switzerland, where it printed at Geneva a newspaper called *Uyedinyenye* (The Union), which was the mouthpiece of all the Montenegrins who had studied at Western universities or had worked in the United States, where they had learned the A. B. C. of democracy. Immediately following the defeat of the Central Powers, a national assembly convened at Podgoritza which, on September 26, 1918, declared the *Goschpodar* dethroned and proclaimed the unconditional union of Montenegro with Yugoslavia. Nicholas endeavored vainly to save something from the wreck. He appealed to Wilson—what a joke!—in the name of self-determination. He won much support in certain British circles, and filled Europe with lies about the forcible annexation of his country by Serbia. He even organized a Montenegrin legion and made forays into the country, thus serving as a pawn in the game which Italy and Yugoslavia were playing for the mastery of the Adriatic coast. Trickery and cunning never win in really great affairs. One power after another withdrew its recognition of the old King, and when the Treaty of Rapallo was signed, he no longer was of use even to Italy. Thereupon, he did quite the proper thing—lay down and died.

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AGAINST AN ENGLISH ALLIANCE

BY MOTOSADA ZUMOTO

[*This article originally appeared in The Herald of Asia, a Japanese Liberal weekly printed in English, and is from the pen of its editor.*]

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(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

IT is no secret that negotiations are going on between the Japanese and British Governments for the renewal of the Treaty of Alliance. No information is available concerning the progress of these negotiations, and there is absolutely no means of forecasting their probable issue. The moment, therefore, seems opportune to venture upon a calm and careful consideration of the pros and cons concerning the renewal of the Alliance.

To be perfectly frank, we are in serious doubt as to the wisdom of continuing the special political engagements existing between the two countries. The Alliance lost its vitality when the fortunes of war swept from the political horizon of Asia, as, indeed from the world stage, the menace of Germany which, after the disappearance of the Russian peril, constituted its chief objective. Where is now a Power that threatens the common interests of Japan and Great Britain in Eastern Asia? None so far as we can see. Soviet Russia it is true is pointed at by some as a possible danger to its Asiatic neighbours. It is of course not impossible that Soviet Russia, already militarized to a remarkable extent, may be forced by circumstances to launch on a career of conquest. But such a contingency seems remote, and even if it does come about, its immediate effect will probably be felt in Europe and not in Asia. As for the menace of Bolshevik propaganda which is sometimes adduced by militarists as a reason for a hostile policy against Soviet Russia and which has been mentioned to us by more than one Britisher as a reason for the continuance of the Alliance, the matter is hardly worth serious consideration. We fail to see how a danger of this kind, supposing it actually existed, could be effectively fought by a political alliance, however powerful that may be.

The United States is regarded in some quarters in the light of a possible disturber of the political equilibrium in these waters. We feel no hesitation in characterizing this view as born of unfounded suspicion and gross ignorance. In the commercial and industrial development of China, we must be prepared to find in Americans keen and formidable competitors. It cannot of course be lost sight of that economic competition under certain circumstances is quite capable of jeopardizing peaceful relations between nations. But the Chinese market is large enough to provide fair opportunity to all comers, and furthermore, it will be found practicable for Japanese and Americans to cooperate in this development of China's natural re-

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sources. In any case, so long as American activities in China are confined to economic spheres, and no attempts are made by America to play a political role such as may clash with our legitimate position and interest in that country, there is no reason whatever to fear any occasion for a rupture with America. And we have too much confidence in the sense and judgment of the American people to believe them liable to fatal blunders like that. As for the problem of the unfair discriminations practised against our countrymen in some parts of America, delicate and annoying as it is, it will never be suffered to occasion breach of peace between the two countries. For the rest it will require provocations of the most aggravating character to plunge them into war with each other, for leaders of thought and affairs on both sides know perfectly well that neither nation will gain anything by fighting the other.

There is thus no possible common enemy in sight, and without such common danger, the Alliance would be devoid of all practical value or justification. The only conceivable advantage of its renewal will be a negative one of avoiding a possible sense of estrangement that might result from the discontinuances of the pact. Against this negative advantage of doubtful value, there must be set up disadvantages and inconveniences of a serious import.

The first obvious inconvenience or injury resulting from the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance will be the suspicion it will inevitably create among Americans that it is ultimately directed against them. That America does not enter into the consideration of either the Japanese or British Government as a possible future enemy, we do not entertain the slightest doubt. It is still fresh in the memory of all students of international politics that, when Great Britain concluded with America an arbitration treaty which subsequently failed to be ratified by the Senate, she proposed to Japan with remarkable haste to modify the then existing treaty of Alliance by excluding from the scope of its provisions all countries with which either contracting party had entered into a treaty of arbitration. Japanese showed equal promptness in accepting the proposal, thus proving to the whole world how sincerely anxious both Powers were to satisfy the United States as to the entire absence on their part of all intentions to utilize the treaty of Alliance against that country. An entirely new situation, it is true, has since been developed as the result of the elimination of Germany as Britain's chief competitor for empire and trade. In a sense that competition has now been transferred between Britain and the United States. In naval armament the latter bids fair in a few years to outstrip the former, a prospect which is as soothing to American pride as it is disquieting to the British people for whom supremacy on the sea is a necessary condition of empire. To them it is a matter of life and death.

From this and other obvious causes, the relations between Great Britain and the United States are no longer what they used to be a few years ago. We hesitate to believe that the Anglo-American rivalry, however keen it may develop (and it will undoubtedly become dangerously bitter), will ever precipitate an armed conflict between the two nations. In any case the situation between them is such that, however loudly the London Government may declare its friendliness to

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America, the renewal of the Alliance with Japan is bound to excite an unfortunate suspicion in America as to the real intentions of the signatory Powers. Such suspicion will naturally be strengthened by the fact, which is apparent to everybody, that apart from America there is no Power in sight who might be conceived as a possible antagonist against whom Britain might consider it necessary to be provided with an Ally. Supposing that the race for predominance on water was inevitable between Britain and America, it is easy to see that Japan's allegiance would be an advantage of great value to Britain. But it is less easy to discover what benefits might accrue to Japan from binding herself to a prospective enemy of the United States, with whom it is necessary for her to be on the best of terms.

Another important reason that urges us to oppose the renewal of the Alliance, is the fact that the result will be such deep disappointments on both sides as probably to force the two nations to part as enemies. As we have endeavoured to make clear, there is no possible menace to the common interests of the two nations in Eastern Asia, and the Alliance renewed under the circumstances will possess no living force, it will at best be an ornament with no practical significance. This fact will be patent to all thinking men on both sides, and they will be free from disillusionment, for they will never attach much importance to the Alliance. But it will be different with the man in the street, who will have frequent occasion to grumble because he will expect from the Alliance what it was never meant to accomplish. When the time comes, as it must come, for the two Governments to drop the Alliance, the inevitable consequence will be an unfortunate estrangement between the two peoples. More or less unpleasantness must in any case result from the abrogation of the Alliance, but it will be many times more intense if it is postponed another round of years. Such a result will be sincerely deplored by all intelligent Japanese, for Alliance or no Alliance, we strongly wish that there should always exist a most cordial friendship between the two nations. The Japanese have a real and profound admiration for the British people on account of their sterling personal qualities, their high civilization, and their unique culture. English is destined to become almost our second national language, and it is from English history and English literature that we get some of our noblest inspirations for reform and progress. World-wide as is the British Empire, Japan is fortunately so far away from the centre of that Empire and our vital interests are concentrated within so narrow limits, that nowhere do the interests of the two countries come to an essential clash. We do not aspire to a dominant position as a maritime Power; nor do we intend to challenge British primacy in the field of world finance and trade. Japan and Britain can, therefore, be good friends without binding themselves by any written engagement, and it would be the height of folly to jeopardize this natural friendship by trying to bolster up an unnecessary and artificial framework of an alliance.

The third and last ground of our objection to the renewal of the Alliance, is that it will interfere with the work of reconstruction which it is high time for Japan to carry out in all departments of her national

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life. We now need a period of self-introspection and a fresh orientation of our national progress and development. Not the least important item of reform will consist in the proper subordination of the military to the civil power. A successful accomplishment of reforms of this kind is conditional upon a certain frame of mind conductive to self-introspection on the part of the military. Such a frame of mind will be induced by a sense of new responsibilities consequent upon the Empire's complete diplomatic isolation. A survey of our situation will reveal to the dullest of intellects the important fact that our position is one of extreme strength and boundless possibilities, provided we follow a right course of policy. With an armament on land and sea amply sufficient for purposes of defence, we can defy the whole world if we shape our policy according to justice and humanity. With the largest potential market in the world at our very door, we can successfully compete there with any rival on equal terms, and enrich ourselves beyond the dreams of avarice. With a fair and sympathetic attitude toward our fellow Asiatics, it will not be impossible for us to establish a claim for a moral ascendency over nearly half the human race. To make our claim good in this respect, the first requisite is a complete elimination of the sinister militarist influences from the domain of our domestic and foreign policy. And this desirable end can, as we have pointed out, be best promoted by a period of international isolation.

RACHEL

BY 'W'

[*The hundreth anniversary of the birth of Rachel, perhaps the greatest tragic actress in the history of the French stage, has elicited numerous memoirs and notices in the European press.*]

From *Neue Frie Pressee, March* 6

(VIENNA LIBERAL NATIONALIST DAILY)

Dr. Véron, for many years director of the Paris opera—and incidentally, first to recogize Meyerbeer's genius—relates: 'One beautiful warm summer evening, to be precise on June 12, 1838, I longed for shade and quiet, and so between eight and nine o'clock, dropped into the Theatre Français.' This theatre was so shunned by the general public that a person might well find there both refreshment from the heat and relief from the noise of the city. In particular, the Parisians had placed a popular ban on classic tragedies and on the works of Corneille and Racine. So the pompous Alexandrines, which have been called the national misfortune of French literature, echoed with the monotonous melody of a machine running empty over the unoccupied benches. Paris seemed to have lost its ear for the poetry of 'the great century.' 'On that evening,' continues Véron, 'four spectators were already in the parquet. I made the fifth. The piece was Corneille's *Horace* and had already begun when I, the welcome fifth,

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took my seat. The heroine of the tragedy was already on the stage. She was a new actress, a debutante, blessed with but scanty physical attractions, hardly seventeen years old, half grown, under-sized, rather ugly than beautiful. But under the high arched brows flashed a pair of eyes that could play tragedy without the aid of a single word. When she began to speak, an electric shock shot through the few auditors; it was as though the tragic muse herself spoke through her lips. No violent cadences, no shrieking, no raving, but each tone true, pure, a truthful expression of eternal emotion welling up from the depths of the heart. All this was accompanied by a grace of gesture, by a natural, unconscious harmony of movement and nobility of pose, by a loftiness of manner, which suggested that the little creature had been born on the 'steps of a throne.'

The truth, indeed, was very different. Elise Rachel-Felix, who played for the first time that evening in the Théatre Français, and who was to become, under her stage name Rachel, the greatest tragedienne of the Nineteenth Century, was anything but a princess born to the purple. She was the daughter of a poor Jewish merchant of French birth, who peddled his wares from town to town, taking his family with him. Little Rachel, it chanced, was born in a village in the Swiss mountain canton of Aargau, on February 28, 1821, just a century ago. Her dramatic gifts revealed themselves very early, and she seems to have put them at once to use,—not, to be sure, on any famous stage, or even with the strolling players at annual fairs. One must go further back than that for the first appearance of this world-famous artist, whose centenary is being celebrated just now in Paris. She began as a street singer. Choron then a famous musical critic, who was conducting a singing school, chanced to hear her and liked her voice, a pleasing contralto. So he took her as a pupil. She might have become a second Giuditta Pasta if she hadn't lost her voice while attending this school, on account of improper training. Naturally I mean her only singing voice. Her speaking voice was unimpaired, and the theatrical blood which coursed in her veins gave her no peace. By this time, her parents were back in Paris; and she sought her fortune, without a particle of previous preparation, in a little corner theater. Here she was again discovered, this time by members of the Theatre Français Company staff. She was put in a conservatory for a short time, but she did not get along well there. When but sixteen years old, she finally appeared before a real Paris public at the *Gymnase Dramatique*. Here, however, she was not in her place. The *Gymnase*, already known as 'the cradle of Scribe,' gave nothing but modern society plays, which offered no scope for the future tragedienne. None the less she attracted notice there. Jules Janin, later the herald of her fame and her most popular biographer, wrote even then that the child played with great emotion, sympathy, and intelligence, although with little training, that she never exaggerated, never strove for effect,—'utmost economy of physical movement and facial expression, absence of ranting, a minimum of gestures, no hint of an effort to flatter the audience; on the contrary a certain aloofness and reserve; a suggestion of wild creature still untamed in her glance and pose: *Voila Rachel.*' About

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this time, she adopted her stage name. She still appeared as Rachel-Felix in the announcements, but within a year was merely Rachel, and this was the name under which she began her triumph in the *Comedie Francaise.*

At first it was merely a triumph behind the scenes. At her first appearance, as we have seen, there were no spectators. Her colleagues, her fellow actors and actresses, formed her only public. Without exception, they were delighted. They were listening to a new language instead of the conventional Alexandrine pathos, to a speech that was genuine, to lines spoken—not with the affected naturalness which makes great periods commonplace but with a finer, nobler sincerity, with that spontaneous ease which raises nature to the highest level of art. 'Unimpressive features and poor figure, but unbounded genius.' was the unanimous judgment of her fellow artists—a judgment endorsed almost at once by critics and even more speedily by the general public. Nevertheless, it was several months before her triumph was finally assured. Véron, who had been a theater manager and knew the importance of box office receipts, made a memorandum of the precise amount taken in the first night Rachel played. The sum was 753 francs, which was regarded as quite satisfactory. Classic tragedies, which under the law had to be presented at stated intervals in the government theaters, ordinarily brought in from 300 to 500 francs. To this point had literature sunk since the age of the Grand Monarch! We must bear in mind, however, that Paris was a much smaller city than today—its population was about 800,000—and that the romanticists, with Victor Hugo at their head, ruled the town. They had banished the old tragedies and their Greek unities,—as was supposed—for all time to come. Then suddenly this new light blazed up. This Star of the East—and the public crowded the theater to the doors. However, fortune was at first a trifle coy. For a short period after Rachel's debut, the receipts fell back to the old figures. However, they rose again two months later, when Jules Janin devoted a whole supplement to the new *artiste,* and speedily mounted to thousands of francs. Hereupon, a second herald of her fame arose; no less a person than Alfred de Musset, who wrote enthusiastically of the young actress in the *Revue des deux Mondes.* Thereafter the receipts of the Comédie Française speedily arose to 5,000 and 6,000 francs, at which they remained for many years. At the touch of this artist, classic tragedy, whose obsequies it was thought had already been pronounced, was called back to life—the little unimpressive creature had performed a miracle!

Naturally the applause of her colleagues, whose salaries rose with the mounting box office receipts, grew with the admiration of the public. Among them, Rachel found the teacher whom she needed. She had grown up with practically no education. She could hardly read and write. She replied laughing to one of her over-enthusiastic admirers, who insisted that she had rescued not only tragedy but the French language: 'That's very strange, for I never learned the language.' She now came under the hands of a master. Samson, the ranking member of the *Comédie,* who was remarkable both as an actor and a trainer of actors, undertook to instruct her. He studied all her roles with her, and gave her an insight

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into history, literature, and knowledge of souls. All that was needed was a hint, a suggestion. She was a tragedienne by the grace of God. She possessed an intuitive knowledge of what was genuine and imperative in art. All she lacked was the last touch of training and culture, which likewise is indispensable in the end. Her new teacher provided this. A critic expressed it by saying she was born with wings and Samson opened her cage. He was not a tragedian himself. He played only Moliere on the classic stage. But he was unrivaled in historical plays, and a man of broad education, a writer, and a poet. Legouvé observes: 'She was born a tragedienne. Samson made her a muse.' A year after her first appearance, the fellow members of her company presented her with a silver diadem inscribed: *A Mademoiselle Rachel la Comédie Francaise.* Such an honor had hitherto never been bestowed there, least of all to so young an artist. Above all, let me repeat, it was a real and spontaneous success, not one of those triumphs which are sometimes manufactured in the theater world. She scorned the 'stratagems of the wings.'

Theophil Gautier says that one seldom heard her shriek, never heard her use the wild gutturals which were then rated the climax of dramatic art. Neither did she endeavor to modernize the classical tragedies, but labored steadily to revive them in their true form, in their original nobility. It was as though the miracles of Parian marble had received from her the touch of life. She was a reincarnation of the ancient world, and wore the peplum as though Phidias himself had folded it over her shoulders. This author exclaims in his enthusiasm: 'She was wonderfully fair!' thus directly contradicting the fable of her ugliness. Arsene Houssaye, who was her manager for a time, relates how she once burst out her own opinion of her personal appearance. It was during a luncheon as the guest of the Duke of Morny. Someone spoke of her as beautiful. She replied: 'But none of you can imagine how ugly I was at first. I was to play a tragedy, and my face looked like a comic mask. I surely was a laughable object, with my nobby forehead, my nose crooked like a comma, my gimlet eyes, and my irregular mouth.' Then one day she visited the Louvre with her father, and as she viewed the marble statuary, a sort of revelation came over her. It was as though the dignity and loftiness of these masterpieces passed into her soul and became her second nature. 'I've wanted to be beautiful, and they say I have become so. I didn't do it to please a man, as most women do, but in homage to my art. I learned more among those busts and figures than I ever learned at the conservatory.'

It is not surprising that she was likewise a social success. All Paris was at her feet after her first triumph. Andromache —Phedre —Roxane— Chimene—was welcome in the highest circles and particularly among the old nobility of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. Proud patricians of the most ancient lineage of France bowed low before the nobility of her art, and many of these aristocratic gentlemen felt that the little Jewish maiden was, so to speak, of their own kin. She conducted herself like a princess. She had the beautiful hands and the tiny feet of a duchess. Among her intimate friends, she could throw all this aside and be as boisterous and merry as a true *gamin de Paris.*

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Then, suddenly, an invitation would come from Récamier, where she perhaps was to meet the Archbishop of Paris. Thereupon, she would resume—figuratively speaking—her silver diadem.

She often visited the Chamber of Deputies. To her, that was a kind of theater where men thundered rotund and tragic eloquence—not always with much meaning—into the ears of their hearers. Thiers did not impress her much. He spoke too drily and too closely to his facts. But she was delighted with Guizot, who was a master of lofty eloquence. After one of his speeches—perhaps it was the famous oration in which he so violently defied his opponents—'heap insult upon insult, you cannot pile your abuse high enough to reach the measure of my contempt'—a phrase which really showed the man at his full height! Perhaps it was after this very speech that the artiste, inspired by the eloquence of the orator, expressed the peculiar wish: 'I should like to play tragedy with him!'

Many wished to play the comedy of life with her. Offers of marriage naturally flowed in, but should the muse marry? '*Melpomene, née Felix*' would not have sounded right on an announcement card, and it appears that she considered matrimony only once. But not for long.

However, her intrigues were numerous, and she bore a grandson to Napoleon I.

Success did not improve her character—it seldom does. The timid debutante speedily became the capricious, wilful favorite of the public; though she always could be, when she wished, kindness and courtesy itself. She was absolute mistress of the Comédie Française. She appointed the directors, dictated instructions to the minister, treated poor poets as amusing toys, whom she petted or threw aside according to the caprices of her fancy. Victor Hugo seems to have avoided her with proud reserve, and even when she resided almost next door to him, in the charming old Place Royale, where every house dates back to Corneille and is older than Racine and Molière, there was no neighborly intercourse between her and the great poet. However, she was a great friend of Scribe, the next most successful dramatist of the time. In collaboration with Legouvé, he wrote *Adrienne Lecouvreur* for her, a drama which was to be her greatest success, and which she at first rejected. before she knew it. A prose drama! That was enough reason to refuse it. Should a muse demean herself, to descend from the lofty height of Alexandrine poetry to the commonplace prose of every day! Legouvé describes with dry humor the first reading of the drama before the assembled members of the Molière theater. Scribe was the reader. Legouvé writes that he witnessed a double comedy,—the comedy he himself had helped to write, and the comedy played on the faces of the auditors while it was read. No one ventured to express an independent opinion. All looked at Rachel to see whether she would be pleased or displeased with it. She rejected it with a contemptuous shrug. She'd never play anything like that, she declared when the reading was finished. Scribe was a splendid reader, and had rather overemphasized the conversational scenes. Legouvé, a master of presentation, read the piece through a second time to the fastidious lady who was to judge it, emphasizing more the dramatic parts. Thereupon

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it delighted her. A stage favorite who is not impulsively capricious is a miracle unknown in the history of the art.

Naturally, where there is such excellence, there are also faults. However, no worse criticism was brought against her than that she had a keen eye for profits. This was not so much for herself as for others. Neither was it due to her father and mother, but rather to her brother. The father who ruled his famous daughter tyrannically, was probably a very pious man—very orthodox. The names he gave his children indicate that. Rachel's brother was named Raphael, her sisters Liah, Dinah, and Rebecca, Old Testament names, living symbols of the Pentateuch. All of them acted with more or less success upon the stage, the brother rather excelling the others. The latter fancied he would make a successful manager, and put his sister in the fancy of making tours through the provinces and abroad. He piloted the great artiste over every part of France, journeyed with her through all Europe. In 1850 she played in Vienna, and we learn from her letters: 'My success in Austria excels any other that I have hitherto achieved.' She played *Adrienne Lecouvreur* twice. Our critic Bauernschmid, frequently spoke of her. He, too, praised her simultaneous restraint and power, saying that when necessary each of her fingers became an actress. The Vienna court showed her great honors. A carriage was placed at her disposal from the Royal stables. Brother Raphael was permitted to fish in the Schönbrun ponds, which were ordinarily reserved for the emperor. Similar honors were shown her at Munich, Berlin, and Potsdam. At Petrograd the whole circle of grand dukes paid court to her. But this was not enough for the enterprising brother. Just then, America had been discovered for the second time—prima donnas were following the path of Columbus. Jenny Lind had recently returned from a profitable tour, and her example seemed to Brother Raphael well worth imitating. So over the great pond they went. Unhappily, the profits of the long trip by no means corresponded to their anticipations. America understood Jenny Lind's singing, but very few Americans understood the French of Rachel. This tour not only impaired the artiste's fortunes, but also her health. She went into a gradual decline. In 1853 she wrote to her friends: 'My birth certificate says I am thirty-two; my face says I am fifty.' She returned from America in such physical exhaustion that she could not continue on the stage. Her contract with the Comédie Française had been terminated before she started on that dollar pilgrimage. She tried to keep up a little longer, then rented a tiny cottage on the 'azure coast' near Cannes. It belonged to a certain Sardou, father of the as yet unknown dramatist, and there she died less than thirty-seven years old. The Comédie did not play the day of her burial. She was honored like a princess, like the true princess she was, a princess of art.

A picture drawn of her in death portrays her to us in almost unearthly beauty, and enables us to understand Gautier's enthusiastic exclamation: *admirablement belle*! The inexorable messenger seemed to have erased every trace of earth and earth's care from her countenance, leaving only the features which her lofty soul revealed so compellingly in her art. To that art she devoted herself without reserve. She came away from

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every appearance on the stage utterly exhausted. She allowed art to consume her. But the memory of her great achievements is still a precious French possession. She rescued the classic tragedy of France when it seemed doomed. If any two arts are sisters, they are dramatic poetry and acting. Each conditions the other. Each is the other's sun, from which it receives warmth and life. If the two fail to keep company, if they become estranged, a rich, complete, vital, national stage is impossible.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN TRADE PACT

BY LEONID KRASSIN

From *Moscow Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn, February* 6

(BOLSHEVIST ECONOMIC JOURNAL)

Our negotiations with England began just when the Entente—or England at least—saw that it could not overthrow the Soviet regime by arms. But England and Lloyd George, although they saw this clearly, were afraid to follow consistently the line of action which facts dictated. This accounts for the uncertainty which so long characterized our trade negotiations with that country.

We began to discuss the subject with England late last May, and by June had already formulated certain preliminary conditions. England made four demands before it would take up the question of trade itself: first, each government must promise to cease hostilities and propaganda against the other; second, prisoners of war must be returned; third, the Soviet government must recognize in principle private debts due British subjects who had furnished goods or performed services for Russia without receiving their stipulated pay; and finally, proper trade machinery must be set up for handling the commerce between the two countries. On July 7, last year, the Soviet government telegraphed its assent to these conditions.

In spite of Lloyd George's promise that trade would be resumed if the Soviet government consented to these stipulations, when the new Russian delegation, headed by comrade Kameneff, reached London there was another postponement. Instead of taking up the question of trade, the British authorities sent a note to the Russian delegation ordering us to cease hostilities against Poland and to stop our drive against Warsaw. The Polish question overshadowed the trade question, which the British government refused to discuss.

London's attitude changed, however, following our military reverse and retreat from Warsaw. As is well known, the British authorities deported Comrade Kameneff, and negotiations practically ceased from September to November, because Lloyd George expected our government to fall under the blows of the Polish legions. When it became clear, however, that we would sign peace with Poland, and that the Wrangel adventure would amount to nothing, our delegation informed the British government that it proposed to leave England, unless trade negotiations were resumed. Thereupon the British stipulated the

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immediate return of prisoners of war as a necessary condition for reopening our conferences. The Soviet government consented to this and we resumed negotiations late last November.

During the 'period of dead calm,' the Russian delegation made every effort to influence public opinion in Great Britain. It appealed particularly to business circles, whose interest it tried to awaken by placing immediate orders for goods. We established relations with a number of large firms: with the Shaw Company for 500 automobiles, with the Marconi Company for organizing a Russian-British Trade Corporation, and with the Armstrongs for repairing Russian locomotives. We began to receive inquiries from large British houses for concessions, and although our delegation made no binding promises, British business circles began to bring pressure in our favor to bear on Lloyd George and the Foreign Office. When the question of returning prisoners of war was settled, and we could get back to the trade question, the Russian delegation had a powerful group in the 'City' behind it.

Before we began, however, the British press began to agitate violently in favor of demanding more of us, particularly that we acknowledge the whole Russian public debt. The *Times* even printed a preliminary text of the treaty and changed it so as to favor Great Britain in regard to several points. When our delegation protested against the publication of this text, the British Trade Ministry assured us that it had no official force.

Meantime, a bitter struggle was raging inside the Cabinet. Curzon, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Churchill, Secretary for War, and certain business interests who had suffered by our nationalizing factories and furnaces in Russia, strenuously opposed not only the terms of the proposed agreement, but even the idea of negotiating at all with our government. Curzon, who was closely tied up with these business interests, even threatened to resign if Lloyd George continued the negotiations. Finally, however, the Prime Minister got a majority over his opponents, and the Cabinet decided in favor of resumption. Sir Robert Horne, Minister of Trade and Industry, replaced Mr. Wyse, who hitherto had been in charge of the negotiations for the British government.

We found the draft of a treaty presented to us by the British government much more favorable to England than even the *London Times*' version. This was particularly true of the political clauses. Either because the British authorities began to suspect that we would not keep our promise to stop propaganda, or for some other reason, we were asked specifically to bind ourselves to do nothing inimical to British interests in India, Afghanistan, Persia, Asia Minor, and even the Caucasus. We were asked even to assume responsibility for all agitation by private citizens of our country.

We objected here that we could not, as a matter of principle, accept changes in the preliminary agreement of the previous June, and that we were authorized to negotiate only matters relating directly to resuming trade. We pointed out that no government could shoulder responsibility for the acts of its private citizens. In the course of the discussion, it became clear that the British authorities had in mind particularly the Third International.

Among other points at issue were

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the inviolability of Russian funds and property. The British government guarantees protection to Russian ships and cargoes, so far as its official claims are concerned; but this would not prevent private parties from suing the Soviet government. Our delegation proposed to the British representatives that a law be enacted establishing a special moratorium insuring the inviolability of Russian property until a formal peace treaty was signed. The British authorities replied that Parliament would never pass such an act, and the only thing to do was to appeal to the courts. A legal precedent already existed there. An English court decided against us in a case involving a delivery of lumber, but on the grounds solely that Great Britain had not at that time recognized the Soviet government. When the British refused to consider a statutory moratorium, they suggested—since they realized that no trade arrangements would be possible without some adequate guaranty—that we sign the agreement, bring a test suit against ourselves, and secure a quick decision. If the decision were favorable, we could begin trade at once. If the verdict were against us, the London government would find some other way out of the dfficulty. Moreover we always had the right to abrogate the agreement.

The next point in dispute was of very great importance. It related to our gold. The naval blockade against Russia has been converted into a gold blockade. The Entente holds that there is a special kind of gold—Russian gold—although this is a classification unknown to chemistry. Russian gold, it appears, has one peculiar quality. While ordinary gold sells in the world markets at from 106 to 120 shillings per ounce, the price of Russian gold is to be only 77 shillings 9 pence per ounce, or its par value before the war. Banks have been ordered not to accept Russian gold coin, and we have much difficulty in disposing of our bullion.

Our agreement with a Swedish consortium provides that the 25,000-000 gold rubles, which we have deposited as a guaranty for orders we have placed with Swedish manufacturers, shall be sold only with our consent and at approximately the price prevailing in the world market.

When we reached England, we offered British private firms gold at the normal rate in payment of our contracts. In negotiating a formal treaty, we had to protect our gold by providing for the right to import it without duty into Great Britain, to melt and mint it; and in particular to export it freely, since we could not get the maximum price unless we could deliver that gold anywhere in the world market that seemed expedient.

Under the present law, all gold brought into England must be sold to the Bank of England for 77 shillings, 9 pence, per ounce. Since the normal price of gold in the world market is 30% or 40% higher than this figure, the South African mines had already threatened to stop operations, unless they were relieved of this requirement. To meet this difficulty, every person importing gold to England was given an export license permitting him to ship it out of the country within forty-two days. For instance it might be sent to America and recoined into dollars. Since gold minted into dollars is worth 106 to 120 shillings an ounce, the world price could be obtained for the metal in this way. Other British colonies are not accorded the same privilege as South Africa, because

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they have a sufficient market for their gold within their own territories.

The British government settled this question by giving us a similar right to re-export the gold we shipped to that country, but they extended the term in our case from forty-two days to six months. The Bank of England insists that each consignment, whether imported or exported, shall amount to at least 1,200,000 rubles, because it is inconvenient to deal with smaller amounts. I still hope, however, that we can reduce this minimum to half a million rubles, which will make the arrangement perfectly satisfactory to us.

We could not get the privilege of trading freely with gold within England itself. We were told that no foreign country, no British colony, and no British subject, now enjoys this right. We wanted that privilege because, though we might export freely from Great Britain, we might not get full value for our gold, because other countries are parties to the same gold blockade which the British government is still enforcing.

In order to have the fact on record that the British have a share in this plot of a gold blockade against the Soviet régime, I put the following question to Sir Robert Horne: 'If you are not parties to the gold blockade, then give us a guaranty that the Bank of England, when it melts down our coins, will not stamp the bars or indicate in any other way their origin. Thereupon, our gold will cease to be Russian gold and it can be shipped freely to the United States.' Sir Robert Horne replied that unfortunately the British government and the Bank of England could not give such a guaranty. Naturally, he did not state the reason.

Then I proposed that the British government accept some of our gold in coin, allowing us to pay the expense of melting it into bars; these bars to be deposited in the vaults of the Bank of England for say one-hundred years while we would receive in exchange an equal amount of other gold from the vaults of the bank itself. The advantage of such a plan was that a hundred years from now, the existing hostility to Soviet Russia may have disappeared. Meantime, the British government and the Bank of England would have on deposit a large amount of gold to hold for a century.

Quite naturally, Sir Robert Horne rejected this suggestion also, in spite of the fact that it was otherwise quite practicable, since England is a party to the gold blockade.

France was the country which started this blockade, hoping thus to prevent the Soviet government from disposing of its gold treasure. It expected our government to fall sooner or later, and that French creditors could then seize our coin and bullion. England joined the blockade for a different reason. It does not believe our government will fall, but by placing obstacles in the way of our selling our gold at its full price, it hopes to get that gold for less than it is worth.

Our best measure against this gold blockade is to promote commerce with England and other countries. England's example will be of great importance, since it invites imitation by other countries, particularly Canada and Italy. When business is going at full swing between ourselves and Great Britain, Canada, Italy, the United States will be forced, by the logic of the situation, to lift its own boycott. When that country begins to trade with us, the gold blockade will break down entirely.

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TELEKINESIS AND MATERIALIZATION

BY DR. KONSTANTIN OESTERREICH

[*The following review, by a well-known professor of philosophy at the University of Tubingen, describes the scientific side of the investigation of assumed "supernormal" phenomena in Germany. The more popular aspects of this subject were discussed in an article which appeared in our issue of March* 5.]

From *Vossische Zeitung, February* 12

(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

Not long before the outbreak of the war, a large book was published by the distinguished Munich neurologist, Schrenck-Notzing, entitled: *Materialisationsphanomene. Ein Beitrag zur Erforschung der medizinischen Teleplastie.* (Materialization phenomena, a contribution to the investigation of medical teleplastics.) The volume contained more than 500 pages and nearly 200 photographs. It attracted much attention when it appeared, and is already out of print, although the war prevented its receiving as much attention as might otherwise have been the case. The war alone, however, was not responsible for the temporary shadow cast over this work. A little pamphlet by two young German physicians, one of them a lady, did much to discredit the volume in scientific circles. What Schrenck-Notzing regarded as a discovery of the first importance appeared nothing more than a prestidigitator's trick. The alleged materializations were explained as produced by painted strips of chiffon which the medium swallowed before the sitting, and then emitted from her mouth during the seance.

Schrenck-Notzing replied to this hypothetical explanation with a pamphlet which seemed to leave the whole matter in doubt. The two young medical people had obviously been too hasty and superficial in propounding their sleight-of-hand explanation. However, the photographs of the alleged materializations were themselves so suspicious that they cast much doubt upon the whole performance. The original photographic plates, which Schrenck-Notzing had the kindness to send me for critical examination at the time, were equally unsatisfactory in my opinion. My disbelief in the genuineness of the phenomena was strengthened by the peculiarly flat appearance of the alleged materializations, which could not fail to strike any critical observer.

Schrenck-Notzing was not discouraged, and in spite of the general skepticism of university circles, he continued his inquiries, and has just published their result in a new book: *Physikalische Phanomene des Mediumismus, Studien zur Erforschung der telekinetischen Vorgange*—(Physical phenomena produced through mediums, studies in the investigation of telekinetic occurrences.) The volume contains 15 plates and 33 line drawings. This time, he has succeeded better. The medium, Eva C., with whom his first book dealt almost exclusively, has been studied since by other

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scientists. The first was the Paris investigator, Geley, whose works are just beginning to be known in Germany. The second group of tests was made last spring, by an expert commission of the London Society for Psychical Research. I am not committing an indiscretion in saying that this last investigation, as well as that of Geley, produced positive results. In neither case was it possible to detect the slightest shade of deception.

In view of this double confirmation of later date, my earlier doubts as to the reliability of Schrenck-Notzing's former investigations seem to me no longer permissible. It is highly probable now that the materializations are to be regarded as true phenomena. What hitherto has been regarded as mystification, deceit, and self-deception, is apparently reality. It is illogical and unscientific to reject cumulative evidence, merely because it refuses to conform with one's own *a priori* ideas. At least we cannot escape longer the obligation to pursue the subject thoroughly to the end.

Just at the time when the earlier investigations of Schrenck-Notzing have thus suddenly acquired new importance, he has published this second book upon the results of his later investigations. The materializations which he described in his first work, are the least suited of all this group of phenomena, which we are now compelled to regard as objective, for beginning a study of the general field. The new book deals mainly with far more elementary matters, which perhaps—in the opinion of the author—help us to understand the more complex aspects represented by materializations. These elementary phenomena are all associated with telekinesis, that is, the movement of objects in the vicinity of a medium at the will of a medium without the latter's touching those objects. The occurrence of such phenomena has been pretty generally accepted by critical investigators for a long period; in particular, innumerable tests made with the Italian medium, Eusapia Palladino, have established the probability of telekinesis to a point approaching the verge of certainty. A large number of competent and distinguished investigators, including Richet, Flouroy, Schiaparelli, Lombroso, Morselli, Bottazzi, Courtier, Luciani, and others, have become convinced by direct personal observation of the actuality of these phenomena. However, the method by which objects were moved without contact remained unknown. To be sure, the Paris investigations of 1905 and 1907, undertaken by students like Perrin, Poincaré, Curie, and others, seemed to indicate that in some respects the methods employed agreed with known and normal mechanical principles; but the riddle of the thing as a whole remained unsolved.

Very important progress has now been made toward that solution. Schrenck-Notzing, the Pole Ochorovicz, and the English physicist Crawfeld, have all been working fruitfully in this field. The investigations of Ochorovicz were made some years ago, and were described in twenty-six short communications to the *Annales des Sciences psychiques*. However, they were not widely known in Germany. Crawfeld's investigations are of very recent date. Schrenck-Notzing has performed a most useful service, indeed, in giving his readers an exhaustive account of these investigations by his predecessors, and the latter support powerfully the

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results of his own studies. These studies were made principally on a Polish medium, Stanislava Tomczyk, whom Ochorowicz had also studied, and upon Eusapia Palladino. He also experimented with two other mediums. These investigations extend over a period of more than twenty years. His first sitting with Eusapia was in 1894. His last sitting with the Berlin medium occurred in the spring of 1920.

I am much gratified that we, at length, have a full account of Schrenck-Notzing's sittings with Eusapia Palladino. I have frequently written him requesting that he publish them; but he always replied that he had nothing sufficiently original or novel to report. But we now see that his observations are very important, as corroborating those made by others, because of the peculiarly favorable conditions under which he worked.

Main interest, however, centers around his experiments with Stanislava Tomczyk. This medium manifested, when in a trance, ability to move small objects at will without physical contact. She could raise them in the air without support, and move them about in other ways. These were merely long familiar forms of telekinesis. The only novelty in Schrenck-Notzing's experiments, is the method by which he succeeded in ascertaining the way the objects were moved, and in some instances in obtaining photographic evidence. The objects were moved and lifted by thin threadlike organic emanations from the fingers of the medium which touched the articles moved. The objects were actually lifted and shifted about with the help of these fibrous emanations in accordance with ordinary mechanical laws. This agrees precisely with the observations of Ochorowicz and Crawfeld. The projections sent forth from the medium's body resemble in some respects the threads of a spider's web and in other respects the pseudopodia of primitive organisms. They differ from each, however, in appearing to be perfectly rigid. The significant thing shown by these experiments, in my opinion, is that telekinesis is not due to the direct influence of the medium's mind or 'psyche' upon the object to be moved, but is performed by something material issuing from the medium's body—or at least something very similar to material—in accordance with recognized mechanical laws. This transfers the problem of telekinesis to the field of biology. The question is no longer this: How can the soul directly move physical objects? But: How are the physical emanations produced, by the help of which the medium takes hold of the object, and how do they disappear? Naturally we do not know yet whether the latter are tissues possessing an organic cell structure.

Crawfeld's experiments with an Irish medium must be studied in connection with the experiments of Schrenck-Notzing and Ochorowicz with Stanislava Tomczyk. This Irish medium, who was a man, could produce much more powerful telekinetic effects, and his pseudopodia were much more highly developed. Crawfeld described them as not 'threads,' but 'rods;' he even compares them to snakelike secondary limbs of the medium. Unfortunately, these projections, which as a rule can neither be seen nor exposed to light, can usually be discerned only by the sense of touch. However, some earlier and several more recent observations with Eusapia Palladino afford us surprising confirmation of this evi-

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dence. From back in the '90's up to the latest American tests, certain observers have always insisted that they could see peculiar limblike emanations from her body. Those observations have hitherto been unexplained, or ascribed to optical illusions, or regarded as evidence of deception on Eusapia's part. Now these emanations seem temporary visible pseudopodia, by the aid of which she performed feats of telekinesis and touched persons present at the seances. This fact of being touched had been confirmed by many observers holding the most diverse opinions regarding the phenomena themselves, although the hands and feet of the medium were kept under strict control.

Schrenck-Notzing, however, goes still farther. He believes the pseudopodia will give us eventually an explanation for materialization. He considers materializations merely the same plastic material as the pseudopodia shaped in a different form. In one case, the medium moves an object by projecting a pseudopodium from her body to it; and in the other case, she shapes the material into a hand or a face or a person, in response to some influence of her will. Not only Schrenck-Notzing, but also Geley and the other observers of Eva C., claim to have observed these materialization processes in all their stages, from the emanation of a shapeless organic cloud issuing out of the medium, to the appearance of a human form.

This seems to be the point where what hitherto has seemed fancy and imagination takes its place in the realm of reality. In our age, the boldest conjectures are not too bold to exceed the bounds of possibility. Of course the day has not yet arrived when it is possible to form a final opinion regarding such occurrences. But the observations, in some instances confirmed by photographs, which now lie before us from three independent sources, cannot be dismissed without further serious study.

THE KING VISITS 'THE FRONT'

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER

[*This article originally appeared in Der Drache, a humorous paper printed in Leipzig.*]

From *Arbeiter Zeitung*, *February* 13

(VIENNA CONSERVATIVE SOCIALIST DAILY)

In the summer of 1917, I was serving in East Galicia. It was just before the Russian offensive, and the place where I was stationed, three or four kilometers behind the Front, was called Victorov. We were moving forward munitions and barbed wire, and had no glimmering of what was coming. None the less, we were uneasy, because Austrian forces lay on both sides of us. Although there was a 'Royal and Imperial' first lieutenant on every square kilometer of the rest of Galicia, only subalterns and cadets seemed to be running things in the immediate vicinity of Victorov.

One morning our village was sud-

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denly crowded with Saxon infantry, who were retreating on their own initiative because the Austrian forces on both sides of them had suddenly deserted to the Russians. We hurriedly packed up whatever equipment we could lay hands on and hastened after them. Enemy shrapnel was already bursting over our heads, and it was impossible to evacuate our magazines and depots. We blew up our munitions dumps, and laid hands on all the wine and meat we could carry. The rest we left as it was: roofing paper, *cheveaux de fris*, galvanized iron, oats, hay, flour, desiccated vegetables, grits, and noodles. Perhaps the whole mess still lies there in the heap in which we left it.

By midnight we managed to reach, by a highway which was a mass of fleeing men and baggage, the supporting lines near Monden. German infantry, coming up on auto trucks, was already taking position.

Happily for us a heavy rain began just then and continued several days. The Russians had kept close on our heels, but could not get forward their munitions columns on account of the broken and boggy condition of the country. We began our counter offensive, and the Russians in turn retreated across Galicia and Bukovina to their own frontiers. The heat of the summer was now upon us. We paused for rest at the bridge head of Zaleszczycki, then pushed on toward Czernovitz, lying for several weeks at Okno, where we were engaged in transporting shells along the Dniester.

While we were here, infection broke out among our horses and we had to retire at once to repose many miles behind the front. Our isolation station was in the neighborhood of Stanislau.

It was while we were there that the report reached us that the King of Saxony was about to arrive, to cheer up his troops.

Unhappily, there was a fly in the ointment. Except for our munitions column 55, there was at this date no Saxon soldier station for heaven knows how many miles around us. However, since difficulties exist only to be conquered, such Saxons as could be laid hands on were hurried together from every nook and corner of Galicia. A bakery column was even brought to Stanislau all the way from the vicinity of Verdun for this special occasion.

We devoted a whole half week preparing for the extraordinary event of the King's visit. The great day approached. We had orders to march at three a. m. At nine we arrived at the town of Stanislau. The royal train was announced to reach that point promptly at ten.

Our formations had been anxiously shepherded and bullied into some sort of a presentable appearance. We were in column of platoons. With the help of straight cord, the men were finally lined up on parade front. Then we received the order, 'On your knees—rest!' Thus we waited.

An adjutant, who clearly had been specially detailed to represent the commander of the formation for the occasion, danced up and down our line like an excited head-waiter. We ourselves were not taking any exercise but simply remained at 'knees rest.'

The royal train disdained such a bourgeois virtue as punctuality. By eleven o'clock we began to get impatient. At twelve the troops would have been a fertile field for the seeds of revolution. But the royal train knew nothing of that. Possibly it

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had been purposely misrouted by some Austrian train dispatcher.

Shortly after two p. m., the train was finally reported by telegraph. That put some life into our party, and by fifteen minutes later we were again licked into fairly presentable shape, and our patriotic hearts beat an octave higher.

I confess I was somewhat curious, not so much to see the King, as to see what kind of a show we would make of ourselves provided we had to perform any evolutions.

Let me say at once that I was disappointed. Our only command was, 'Attention! Eyes left!' An inner voice which I could hardly keep from becoming audible exclaimed, 'Hello! Who's there?' It was in fact the King. However, he was not marching down with proud, elastic step, but slouching along in an appallingly informal and unimposing way. He wore a uniform and field cap that looked as if he had just jumped into them. Even the decorations on his breast were all awry.

An alert gentleman with red stripes on his trousers followed at the King's heels and a Jager of the guard ended the procession, carrying a cigar box containing a complete assortment of all kinds of orders and distinctions.

While the King was shuffling along toward the General Representative of the Austrian army, and our modest first lieutenant, the Jager of the guards handed him his military helmet. Then the sovereign drifted indolently over to the General Representative, and first greeting, in a cracked voice, that gentleman as well as the other representatives of the Danube monarchy fighting shoulder to shoulder with us, he turned and accosted the German officers. Thereupon the command was given: 'At ease!' The adjutant again danced exciedly up and down the line, and the King began his round.

It was an affair of ten minutes.

The thing started on the right wing. The officers stated their names and their detachments without being asked. I was struck with the fact that the King did not introduce himself. Apparently he assumed that they already knew him.

The rest passed swimmingly. After the officers came the men. ' 'N' what's y'r name?' And without waiting for a reply, the King passed to the next one ' ' N' what'd y' do-at-home?' Then to the next: 'Where's y'r home?' Without the slightest interest in the answer, or even waiting for an answer at all, he passed down the line. 'N you?—Y'r name?—So! The one behind the little chap. Your home?—So! Nice town—And that one. Where'd you come from?—And you? What y' do at home?—And this one? No, not him! The tall one. Your name? And where'd you come from?—So! 'N what are you called, 'n what'd y' do at home?' In ten minutes it was all over. No, not quite all. The Jager of the guards handed the king back his cap, for which he exchanged his military helmet with a sigh of relief. Then Royalty clambered into a hack with the General Representative of the Royal and Imperial Military establishment, and they drove off to the German officers' casino.

I then understood, as did my comrades, better than ever before our German expression: *Das Nachsehen haben.* (Pass inspection.)

Thereupon, we plodded off on foot towards home. Home? Yes, for when we passed more than a single night in the same place, we had the habit of calling it home.

Meantime the King was eating and drinking in the German officers'

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club at Stanislau, and distributing numerous orders to the Royal and Imperial officers, so as to cultivate good relations with the Hapsburgs.

On our way back, a non-commissioned officer near me grumbled: 'Why couldn't they leave us in peace a day or two! We've wasted four days polishing up and preparing—busy about nothing—all for what? To loaf around in a row for twelve hours!'

However, we got a little amusement out of it three days later, when we read in the newspaper that the King, who actually had returned to Dresden the same evening, was 'spending a period with his valiant Saxons at the front.' The 'valiant Saxons' were mostly our munitions column and the bakery column, and 'the front' was the German officers' casino, miles and miles from any active fighting.

MR. CONRAD AT HOME

BY ROBERT LYND

From *The New Statesman, March* 12

(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

MR. CONRAD is nothing of a peacock. You may stare at him as long as you like, but he will never respond with a sudden spread of gorgeous vanities. He is more like some bird that takes on the protective colouring of the earth and delights in avoiding rather than in attracting the prying eye. Flatter him as you will; call him a phoenix or a bird of paradise: he may be secretly pleased, but he will only croak gruffly in reply, 'To have the gift of words is no such great matter.' He does not know how to play up to our inquisitive admiration. We may think, as when we take up *A Personal Record,* that now at last we have cornered him in a position in which he is bound to show us his fine feathers. But it is a vain hope. Glimpses we get—amazing glimpses—but never the close and detailed spectacle we desire. He protests that he is no cynic, but is he sure that he does not find a cynical amusement in teasing our curiosity in this way? Otherwise, would he have written in the preface to *Notes on Life and Letters* that 'perhaps it will do something to help towards a better vision of the man, if it gives no more than a partial view of a piece of his back, a little dusty (after the process of tidying up), a little bowed, and receding from the world not because of weariness or misanthropy, but for other reasons that cannot be helped?' It may be that Mr. Conrad can suggest more enticing mysteries by a portrait of a piece of a back than other writers can by a full length representation, showing the polish on the boots and the crease in the trousers. In art the half (or less) is greater than the whole. Still, the principal point of showing us the back is that it may leave us unsatisfied and speculating. Mr. Conrad does not intend to satisfy us. He might have written on the title-page of his autobiography: 'Thus far and no further.'

At the same time, if he tells little about himself, he does not escape giving himself away in his admiration

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for other men. He has an artistic faith that burns in his sentences as soon as he begins to talk of Henry James or Maupassant or Turgenev. He belongs to no school in literature: indeed, he hates the very thought of a school. He even becomes pleasantly angry if anyone attempts to classify authors as romantics, realists, naturalists, etc. Every great author is for him a man, not a formula. He can hardly mention the word 'formula' without contempt. 'No secret of eternal life for our books,' he declares, 'can be found among the formulas of art, any more than for our bodies in a prescribed combination of drugs.' Again, 'the truth is, that more than one kind of intellectual cowardice hides behind the literary formulas.' And once more, in reference to the good artist: 'It is in the impartial practice of life, if anywhere, that the promise of perfection for his art can be found, rather than in the absurd formulas trying to prescribe this or that particular method of technique or conception.' This may suggest to the pedantic that Mr. Conrad has no critical standards, and he certainly prefers to portray an author as he is rather than to measure him with a tape as if for a suit of clothes. And he is right; for to portray an author truthfully is to measure him in a far profounder sense than to measure his waist and the outside of his leg with a tape. Mr. Conrad's quest is the soul of his author. If it be a noble soul, he has a welcome for it, as Plutarch had in his historical biographies. He may not agree with Maupassant's deterministic view of life, but he salutes it in passing with the remark: 'The worth of every conviction consists precisely in the steadfastness with which it is held.' His first demand of an author is truth—not absolute truth, but the truth that is in him. 'At the heart of fiction,' he declares, 'even the least worthy of the name, some sort of truth can be found—if only the truth of a childish theatrical ardour in the game of life, as in the novels of Dumas the father.'

He claims, indeed, that fiction is nearer truth than history:

> Fiction is history, human history, or it is nothing. But it is also more than that; it stands on firmer ground, being based on the reality of forms and the observation of social phenomena, whereas history is based on documents and the readng of print and handwriting—on second hand impression. Thus fiction is nearer truth. But let that pass. A historian may be an artist, too, and a novelist is a historian, the preserver, the keeper, the expounder, of human experience.

I confess I dislike this contention among the various literary forms—poetry, fiction, history, biography, drama and essay—as to which of them is nearest grace. It is not the form that seizes the truth, but the imagination of the artist working through the form. Imagination and the sense of life are as necessary to a good historian as to a good novelist. Artists need not quarrel for precedence in a world in which all the great books that have so far been written could be packed into a single small room. At the same time, it is well that a novelist should take his art as seriously as Aristotle took the art of poetry. It often requires an exaggeration to bring the truth into prominence. And, in any case, the exaggerations of the novelists have as a rule been modest compared to the exaggerations of the poets.

If Mr. Conrad is to be believed, however, the novelist is the rival, not only of the historian, but of the moralist. He warmly denies that

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he is a didactic writer, but at least he holds that in all great fiction a moral is implicit that he who runs may read:

> That a sacrifice must be made, that something has to be given up, is the truth engraved in the innermost recesses of the fair temple built for our edification by the masters of fiction. There is no other secret behind the curtain. All adventure, all love, every success is resumed in the supreme energy of an act of renunciation.

One would have to think hard in order to fit *Tristram Shandy* and *The Pickwick Papers* into this—if I may so call it—formula. And, perhaps, it is a formula more suitable to tragic than to comic writing. Mr. Conrad as critic indeed often seems to be defining his own art rather than the art of fiction in general. He knows what he himself is aiming at in literature, and he looks for the same fine purpose in his fellow writers. We feel this, for instance, when he requires of the novelist 'many acts of faith of which the first would be the cherishing of an undying hope.' This, he declares, 'is the God-sent form of trust in the magic force and inspiration belonging to the life of this earth.' 'To be hopeful in an artistic sense,' he adds, 'it is not necessary to think that the world is good. It is enough to believe that there is no impossibility of its being made so.' There surely speaks the author of *Youth* and *Typhoon*. And there is the image of the same author in the remark that 'I would ask that in his dealings with mankind he should be capable of giving a tender recognition to their obscure virtues.' Mr. Conrad cannot escape from the shadow of his own genuis. It falls on every page of his criticism as fatally as any formula, though more beautifully. His protest against what has been called 'stylism' is simply the protest of one who did not approach the art of literature through that door. He is praising not merely Maupassant but his ideal self when he tells us:

> His proceeding was not to group expressive words, that mean nothing, around misty and mysterious shapes dear to muddled intellects and belonging neither to earth nor to heaven. His vision by a more scrupulous, prolonged and devoted attention to the aspects of the visible world, discovered at last the right words as if miraculously impressed for him upon the face of things and events.

That, no doubt, is how Mr. Conrad learned the art of great writing, and we may read autobiography into his praise of Maupassant again when he says: 'He stoops to no littleness in his art—least of all to the miserable vanity of a catching phrase.' But his appreciation of Maupassant, though admirable in so far as it defines certain qualities in his own and Maupassant's work, is phrased in a manner that savours of intolerance of the work of many other good writers, from Shakespeare to Dickens and, if one may include a more diminutive artist, Stevenson. Thus he observes:

> He will not be led into perdition by the seductions of sentiment, of eloquence, of humour, of pathos; of all that splendid pageant of faults that pass between the writer and his probity on the blank sheet of paper, like the glittering cortege of deadly sins before the austere anchorite in the desert air of the Thebaide.

Maupassant's austerity may have been an excellent thing for Maupassant, but to write like this is surely to degrade austerity into a formula. That 'splendid pageant of faults' may well be the salvation of another writer. We may admit that they remain faults unless they fit in as organic parts of a writer's work. But Maupassant was a lesser, not a greater, writer in so far as he was unable so to fit them in.

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It would be unfair to suggest, however, that Mr. Conrad merely emphasises in other writers those qualities which he himself either possesses or desires to possess. Most good portraits are double portraits: they portray both the painter and the sitter. Mr. Conrad always does justice to his sitter, as when he writes: 'Henry James is the historian of fine consciences,' or as when he says of Maupassant: 'It cannot be denied that he thinks very little. In him extreme energy of perception achieves great results, as in men of action the energy of force and desire.' At the same time, we read the book for the light it throws, not on this or that author or the Polish question or the question of unsinkable ships, but on Mr. Conrad himself. The essay on Anatole France, for instance, interests us largely because it reminds us that Mr. Conrad is as impatient of political panaceas as of literary formulas. He remembers that Anatole France is a Socialist, and he comments cheerfully: 'He will disregard the stupidity of the dogma and the unlovely form of the ideal. His art will find its own beauty in the imaginative presentation of wrongs, of errors, and miseries that call aloud for redress.' He commands the artist to hope, but he clearly forbids anybody to hope too much. His 'Note on the Polish Problem' shows that during the war the most he hoped for his country was an Anglo-French protectorate. Humanitarians simply horrify him with their dreams. He hates impossibilism as he hates the talk about unsinkable ships. But, perhaps, what he really hates most, both in politics and in ships, is the blind worship of machinery. He looks on Socialism, I fancy, as an attempt to build an unsinkable State—a monstrous political *Titanic*, defiant of the facts of nature and foredoomed to catastrophe. And how he hates the *Titanic*, this old master of a sailing-ship! He has little that is good to say, indeed, of any steam vessels, at least of cargo steam vessels—'a suggestion of a low parody directed at noble predecessors by an improved generation of dull mechanical toilers, conceited and without grace.' Progress? He retorts that 'the tinning of salmon was "progress." ' And yet, when he met the men of the merchant service during the war, he had to admit that 'men don't change.' But all the same he is right in insisting that the man who blindly worships a machine, political, nautical or literary, is a fool. On the other hand, that is no argument against making use of machines. The machine, like the literary formula, is a convenience. Even the Socialist State would only be a convenience. It would in all probability not be a bit more alarming than a button-hook or a lead pencil.

PRUNING

From *Punch*, *March* 16

A LARGE caterpillar lay upon a bough, its body arched, as it were, for a spring. A careful observer might have noted that, true to the first principles of Natural Selection, it had provided itself with a coat which blended in colour with the green slime of the old apple-tree. The same careful observer (or another one, for that matter) would have noted that its hesitation to proceed down the bough became more and more pro-

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nounced—until the voice of Alicia from down below interposed quite unncessarily with 'Do be careful, darling. [Pause.] Can't you get a leetle further out?'

Yes, it was I, a pruning-knife in one hand, long-handled clippers in the other, a saw in my teeth and one foot in space.

How came I to this undignified position? Chiefly through the agency of an annoying man in the cottage next door who puts his head over the fence (my fence; the nails are driven in from my side) and makes ill-timed comments. Sometimes, when I am doing something particularly foolish, he just looks over, makes no comment, but disappears hastily; and whether the inarticulate noises which follow come from him or from his beastly chickens I don't know. When Alicia comes out and reads solemnly to me from her gardening book by way of gentle remonstrance at the things I am doing, he (or his poultry) becomes hysterical.

It was he who told me that the last tenant had not cut the apple-trees back for five years. Further, he offered me the loan of his absurd and totally inadequate tools for the purpose and then stood by, making hen-like noises in anticipation.

'Of course,' he said, as he slipped a saw into my hand, 'after you've cut 'em back you'll have to bind up the wounds.'

I turned pale. 'Is it—is it as dangerous as that?' I asked, and if human beings could lay eggs he would certainly have achieved it that time.

'No,' he cried when he could speak at all, 'but in this yer weather the place where the branch has been lopped off wants covering up. Putt a little sutt-and-manure mixed on it, or just plain earth and sutt, or just earth alone will do if you putt sutt with it——' and he went on putting and sutting until he didn't know himself which it was.

The first thing to do was to collect the 'sutt.' Soot comes from the chimney when you don't want it—that much I knew. When I had poked about the chimneys and collected a handful, had picked up the rest off the hearthrugs, washed myself and sent my coat to the cleaners, that was the end of the first day's pruning.

Gazing at the trees the next day and in the fulness of the knowledge, newly acquired from our book, that it is the criss-cross boughs which should be cut, we found that if these instructions were carried out there might be a few feathers left at the top, but that would be all. Alicia, to whom an eighteenpenny gardening book is as good as a Bible was for ending the apple season then and there, but we were stayed by the appearance of the Hen-man popping his head over the fence and saying, 'Of course you want to cut out the *old* wood and leave the *new*.' Hope sprang afresh.

'The difficulty is,' I said, 'that the new wood grows so persistently on the end of the old. To cut out the old wood would leave a dangerous hiatus, don't you think?'

Before I could prevent him he said he would come and show me.

'Now, if you could tell me exactly *which* to cut,' I said (for I knew his habit of indulging in multitudinous alternatives), 'I might get on with it.'

'Well,' he began in his country rambling way, 'there bean't no doubt of it, you want to cut *that* and leave *this*, or cut this and that and leave *that*.'

'But which, which?' I cried, revolving round him in trying to follow the direction of his horny forefinger.

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'Why, that there—or this here; or, if you like, take out this, d'ye see? and the one by the side of it, and leave the one there and cut thickee' . . and so he went on and on and on.

In the end it was the fact of the saw in my hand and the homicidal look in my eye which caused him to beat a retreat.

'Stand aside,' I cried to Alicia; 'I can bear this no longer. In this warm weather the thing might burst into bud at any minute and it would be too late. Stand aside! I am going to prune.'

There may or may not be things more irritating than a sweet woman reading instructions out of a book to a man in the throes of his first prune, but I have never met them. And it greatly aggravates the irritation when the matter read out refers to herbaceous borders, or anything else which has nothing to do with the work in hand. I endured a description of 'mulching the rose-trees,' because I was able to put down a counter-barrage of twigs—snipped, snatched, wrenched or bitten off in the first burst of fury. But when, during a pause in my efforts, she got to 'Delphiniums thrive best sown under a warm wall, or——'

'Alicia,' I cried, 'enough of this; our walls are as cold as ice; I was sitting on one all the morning sowing wallflowers in natural positions. Can't you help me to decide which of these branches is to go?'

'Which branches, dear?'

'Why, the criss-cross ones. How about this one?'

'*I* should cut the one on the left, dear.'

'Left? Which left? Yours or mine? Don't keep turning round to see which is my left.'

'I mean *that* one, darling.'

'It's no good pointing at it; how can I tell from up here which you are pointing at?'

'But I am pointing right at it. *There*, then.'

'Don't keep saying "There, then." Do you mean this or that?'

'Which, dear?'

'The one I am pointing at, of course?'

'It's no good pointing, dear; you said just now——'

'Oh, well, is it *this*?'

'No, that.'

'Which?'

'The one you've got hitched up on.'

'That's not a branch at all; that's the clippers.'

'No, the other hitch; you've got two. Ah! the one you've got your hand upon now, now——'

'What, *now*?'

'No, just before.'

'When?'

'Just now. There! Your hand's on it.'

'Which hand?'

'The right hand.'

'*My* right hand?

'No, my left.

'But that *is* my right.

'Not if I turn around.

'Don't turn around. I shall lose the whole thread of it——'

And then I slipped, and over the indecencies which followed perhaps it would be as well to draw a veil.

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THE ETERNAL ENIGMA, MODERN STYLE

BY KENT CARR

From *The Outlook, March* 12

(LONDON CONSERVATIVE LITERARY WEEKLY)

SINCE the world began, the novelists have found woman a fertile theme. A French king—an observant soul—noticed that she varies. The wisest man in the world—he who 'dearly loo'ed the lassies a',' remarked reminiscently that he had found one man among a thousand, but a woman he had not. It has apparently been left to Magdeleine Marx to discover her in her novel, *Woman*. Says Henri Barbusse, 'It expresses what has never been exactly expressed before. It expresses Woman.' It would be a large order if it did. But does it? The book itself is simply plastered with advertisements proclaiming it a supreme work of genius. Not the great Mr. Pelman, himself, could have received more striking testimonials as to the value of the goods. Romain Rolland, Bertrand Russell, Israel Zangwill, have all boomed it extravagantly. To say nothing of the publishers! 'This book has sent a thrill through the world,' they say lyrically. 'It has stirred people like a gospel and been received as though they had been thirsting for it.' And, again, 'The absolutely universal and unanimous verdict is that *Woman* is a new form in literature, original in thought, lofty in sentiment, exquisitely poetic.' Not quite unanimous, however, though mine is a modest pipe to set against all this. I find it a hateful book: sensual: *precieux:* pretentious: and lost to all sense of humor. Whoever is going to put his trust in Magdeleine Marx's shadow, that person is not myself!

Now—and it is a sign of the times—several new plays within the last few days have been booed in England by the gallery. Not ferociously, but with a sort of touching bewilderment. You see the heroine of the dear days of old wasn't to be found in any of these plays. Instead, there were bright young women who took to divorce like ducks to water. What they said to their husbands, in effect, was, 'Do you know, I'm getting about fed-up with you, old dear. I've met someone I like better. Do, like a good pal, give me a divorce.' One mightn't admire their view-point any more than the gallery did. But there was no hypocrisy about them. They did n't, like Magdeleine Marx's heroine, make a *religion* of the thing. Nor did they attempt to eat their cake and have it, too—to retain both husband and lover while explaining to both these unfortunate gentlemen that it was a sacred duty they all owed to each other!

It is extremely difficult to follow the plot of a story in which the heroine is so occupied in finding herself as here. She is of the new generation, and has no use for ancestors, or even for progenitors, all such being just *vieux jeu*. She thinks of society in the same terms that Father Vaughan thinks of it, and

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thanks whatever gods there be that she can never be reduced to its level. In fact, as you will perceive, she is a very superior young person, indeed. She has, moreover, the irritating habit, not of always being right, but of always feeling right. She is of a coming-on disposition, too, although she would call it by another name, and, when she meets a man she fancies promptly proposes to him. 'Let us live together,' she says simply, and it is almost a shock to the reader to find she means anything so conventional as marriage. After marriage, she still continues to work in an office. 'In our time no woman has the right to live under the shelter of man's labor,' she says grandiloquently. But isn't it a pure question of economics? If a woman can earn more by outside work than will pay the cost of a nurse and maid she has every right to do so. The odds are, however, that she will not be able to do this, and the extra expense will, consequently, fall upon the man. As for any woman who does her housekeeping job efficiently being under any obligation to the man she does it for, the idea is pure nonsense. She pulls her weight in that *ménage*, if anybody ever did!

As for her other functions, Henri Barbusse says with masculine ingenuousness, 'Woman is at last entering humanity, and is preparing to change her *role* of breeder of children and handmaid in common.' Well, who is to be baby's breeder and handmaid I should like to know if woman declines the job? If the wishes of any self-respecting baby were consulted you would discover that the services of a whole regiment of handmaids would scarcely meet his desires. But the baby who does not get as much service out of his mother as a whole regiment could bestow has chosen her badly. Magdeleine Marx's heroine had a baby. But that *demodée* person, her mother, could have come in very handy here, and an accouchement under conditions as primitive as those of the *Blue Lagoon*, strikes one as a little odd in a book as up-to-date as this. Is Magdeleine Marx by any chance a man, or, as somebody has gaily suggested, a syndicate of internationals? The maternal instinct did n't come to her with the birth of the child, we learn, and this we can well believe. 'I am in a hurry for him to grow up and be able to listen,' she says in her egotistical way. What real mother doesn't want to keep her baby little for as long as she can?

But, to switch off baby and talk about Him. And by Him we do not mean her husband, but her lover. Her feelings towards this individual are quite elementary, although the language in which she clothes them is what Messrs. Allen and Unwin have called poetry, but which lesser souls might indicate as slush. As Henley has acutely observed, it is a mistake to suppose that Nora when she goes out to find herself always slams the door. And Magdeleine Marx's heroine wants it both ways. With her head resting on her husband's knee she explains the situation to him. Her lover, she says, is like 'a hymn striking up beneath her feet,' but she intends to retain both himself and the comfortable flat he has provided for her as well. The husband has the natural inclination to push her head away, but after that he acquiesces. This is a squeamish age. But we know what the eighteenth century would have called *him*.

Then comes the War. And we fancy she is the only woman in the

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world who ever regarded it in quite such a subjective manner. Husband and lover are both killed, but that is by no means going to be the end of her story. 'I know another man is on the way!' she says beatifically, looking, we feel sure, like *The Soul's Awakening*.

Woman revealed for the first time? Not a bit of it, M. Barbusse! The Biblical writers knew the breed, and with the frankness that was so peculiarly their own, described them as 'those with many lovers.' Lovers, *tout court*, you see. Not 'hymns' striking up beneath the ladies' feet!

THE TRAGEDY OF A SCHOLAR

BY T. P. O'CONOR

From *The Daily Telegraph, January* 11

(INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

I FIRST met Beattie Crozier in the early seventies, and never can I forget the impression he made upon me of beautiful youth. He was over six feet in height, he had a perfect figure, his face was singularly handsome, with features of cameo-like regularity, and he had large, flashing, expressive eyes. The expression was sweet, caressing, frank, simple, with a certain air of curiosity and of reflectiveness, the signs of a mind that was restless in inquiry in the search after the explanation of the riddle of the universe; and that amid the roysterings of his hot youth—fairly innocent roysterings—he pursued it with an inner vision and a serious purpose. He was a young Canadian, born in the town of Galt, and he had been brought up in the sternest school of the Scottish Presbyterian creed, to which his family belonged. His childhood and early youth were mainly left to his mother. In his book, *The Story of My Inner Life*, he draws a faithful and almost merciless picture of this stern parent—the embodiment at once of Scotland and Presbyterianism. He was severely punished for trifling offences; he lived in an atmosphere of religious gloom and of hard fare; he used to say to me that stern as was the picture he had drawn of his mother, it was not as stern as he might have made it; and, of course, the irony and the tragedy was that this parent loved her child with intense affection, but an affection that scrutinised itself and tried to save itself from the weaknesses that natural affection might suggest to an ascetic and gloomy creed.

He was always a good student, and he had taken his doctor's degree at an early age. There was no man I ever knew who had a greater gift of taking up a subject and mastering it in all its details. His versatility and the profundity of his knowledge were quite extraordinary. After he had assimilated all the general knowledge of his profession he would suddenly get the idea that he ought to specialise on some branch of it. He would take up the study of skin disease, and not leave it till he had read and mastered everything about it. Then he would go on to the eye, then to the ear, so that there was no branch of the medical profession on

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which he was not qualified to be a specialist. Such a man with the will to conquer and the avid desire for the prizes of life—a great reputation and a vast income—ought to have ended in Harley Street, and in an immense practice. To the end of his days he was simply a remote suburban practitioner, with at one time a large and remunerative practice among working-men, at another epoch with a practice that was both small and unremunerative. He never sank to abject poverty, but his income was always modest, and towards the close of his life, though eked out by a pension or two, was just enough to give him bread and cheese.

Yet he began by a stroke of unexpected luck. Of the many subjects he had mastered was the treatment of the heart in disease. He attracted the attention of a wealthy gentleman who was stricken with that most harassing of maladies, and he was employed at a handsome income to be the physician and travelling companion of his patron, with a provision in that gentleman's will that he should get a legacy of £1,000 when death brought the association to an end. After some years the patron died, and Crozier found himself a young doctor with a thousand pounds to his credit. The first use he made of the money was to get married—one of the happiest events in his life. Never did man have a more devoted friend, a more assiduous collaborator than Dr. Crozier had in his wife Katherine, a niece of the late Colonel William Anderson. He came in the end to sacrifice himself, and partly to sacrifice his wife, in the pursuit of a great ideal, but she made the sacrifice willingly and knowingly; her nature was of that divine unselfishness that refused nothing—not even eyesight and life—to those she loved. Crozier then settled down in St. Peter's Park, a somewhat remote suburb of London, gradually growing, as suburbs do, from thinness to density of population; and for a considerable time, with the growth of artisans' dwellings, he had a large practice among workpeople, and was deeply loved as well as trusted by his patients. But the club doctor came in, and that took away a considerable part of his income. Meantime, however, he had engaged on an enterprise that interfered considerably with his professional life and absorbed him so much as to leave him almost indifferent to every other consideration.

After immense reading he came to the conclusion that he had found that object of every philosopher from Plato and Aristotle to Herbert Spencer and August Comte—an explanation of the riddle of the universe drawn from the study of man in all ages and in all countries. Reading incessantly, collecting incessantly, he built up his theory of the methods by which successive layers of religion, civilisation, and morals had been created by the movement of man from lower to higher things. He created, in short, a new scheme and school of psychology and sociology, and he poured forth volume after volume in illustration of his conception of human history. The books were called by various names: *The Religion of the Future, History of Intellectual Development, Civilisation and Progress*—this last book had the unique honor of being translated into Japanese. Under these different names there was the exposition of the same theory as to man's development.

I am not capable of pronouncing judgment on his theories; it suffices to say that they commanded the

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assent of thousands of readers and students in all parts of the world. All I know of these books is that they display a reading as wide as some of those German specialists who seem to swallow whole libraries for their authorities. But to me the most remarkable thing in these books was their style. I do not know any philosophic writer who had a better style. The sentences were written in a language that was sober and yet glowed and thrilled; sometimes, indeed, his periods reminded you of the stately flow of some of the pages of Edmund Burke. There was no sense of effort in the writing; it glowed, but it glowed with a sober and unflickering light; its lucidity was not destroyed by its sonorous magnificence. Sometimes, again, it reminded one of Herbert Spencer, who was a much greater man of letters than he ever got credit for. In Crozier, as in Herbert Spencer, there was a splendid sense of building up an edifice of proof slowly, deliberately, irrefutably, but Herbert Spencer, in the well-ordered battalions—if the words be permissible—of his pages, lacked the glowing spirit that Crozier was able to give to his words.

The books had the advantage of being issued by so eminent a firm of publishers as Longmans, and they commanded a select but not very large circle of readers. The labor of years never brought him as much as would supply bread and cheese to his household, and he had still to give much of his time to his profession in order to maintain his family. Thus his work was always under the disadvantage of being constantly interrupted; there was that division of labor which, uncontrovertible as a general economic law, is often disastrous to the best work of professional men. Elected a member of the Athenaeum on account of his distinguished contributions to literature, Crozier used to do a great deal of his work at the well-stored library of that institution. He carried his notes around with him everywhere; sometimes, sitting in a restaurant before a cup of tea, he would draw them out and study and correct them. He brought in his wife as collaborator from the start. She had to spend hours almost every day in taking or in copying his notes. The incessant labor in the end proved fatal to both husband and wife. To her first came the warning of approaching blindness from overwork, and she was almost, if not completely, sightless for the last period of her life. His eyes were also attacked from overwork, and for some years he had to be read to.

And then came the worst calamity of all; the faithful, sweet, devoted friend and companion died, and the unhappy husband lost what most endeared life to him. He had his children; one of them, a fine boy, for whom I was able to get a generous gift from the late Lord Strathcona, and who had joined the Indian Army, was killed early in the war, but Crozier had two daughters still to save his old age from complete loneliness. He had been given a small pension from the Civil List for his services to literature, and I believe he also had some allowance from one of the funds of his profession. His health was frail for some years before his death, and if his friends wanted to see him they had to go to him; he could not go to them. It was sad to look on this ruin of a splendid physique to one who had seen him a tall, alert, athletic, and handsome young man, and who had seen him when he thrilled every visitor to the skating rink of London

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by his daring and elegance as a skater; he had learned the art in his native Canada, and in the days of childhood, when ice in winter was as certain as sunshine in summer. Outside his works on philosophy and sociology he did not write much. He once wrote a study of Lord Randolph Churchill at a time when that portentous meteor was flashing very high and very promising in the political sky. It was a severe analysis, for to the philosophic mind of Crozier such a nature was not akin, and his success he regarded as leading to a useful study, with some criticism, of the theories and portents of democratic communities. He also wrote at the time of the controversy about tariff reform some articles, and then a book called *The Wheel of Wealth*.

On his 70th birthday Dr. Crozier received a testimonial signed by some well-known names, as follows:

To Dr. John Beattie Crozier.

We, the undersigned, beg to offer our heartiest congratulations on the occasion of your 70th birthday. We also desire to express our appreciation of your eminent services to British scholarship and speculation, and of your unselfish endeavours for human welfare.

(Signed by)

Morley of Blackburn, Bryce, William Leonard Courtney, William Osler, J. St. Loe Strachey, G. P. Gooch, James P. Muirhead, T. P. O'Connor, H. W. Massingham, J. A. Hobson, Arthur Sherwell, T. Bailey Saunders, Frederic Harrison, Francis Younghusband, J. L. Garvin, John Clifford, James Crichton Browne. April 23, 1919.

ON PUBLIC SPEAKING

BY 'AFFABLE HAWK'

From *The New Statesman, February* 19

(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

WHAT daunts me when I get upon my feet to speak is not that I am unaccustomed to public speaking; but that all my previous speeches have been failures. Yet I think, or rather to use the formula of words which was constantly on the lips of that cautious metaphysician Sir William Hamilton, 'it seems to me that I think I believe' that there is the making of a speaker in me. In the first place, why otherwise should I continue to be asked from time to time to address audiences if there were not still a faint glimmer of hope animating those who know me that I *might* be worth hearing? And secondly, I am certainly endowed with two o'clock in the morning eloquence—solitary eloquence. But I believe this faculty is not uncommon. When kept awake by indignation or anger I am able to give absent persons a trouncing, which in my opinion falls little short of the achievements of Chatham or Cicero in that line. Quicken me at that dark hour with a small personal grievance or a gigantic public scandal (like the behaviour of the British in Ireland), and off I go. Sentences of trenchant invective, unforgettable sarcasm, polished irony and thumping directness flow from me easily. Yet at an earlier hour,

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in the presence of other human beings, it is as much as I can do to stutter through the tamest statement of my case. How is this? What is the explanation? What paralyses me—the sound of my own voice or the eyes of an audience?

I took up Mr. Ruffin *On Forms of Oratorical Expression and How Delivered** in the hope of learning how others had overcome these inhibitions. Nothing certainly would be more useful (or delightful) than to be able to make a speech. The object of this work 'is to foment and encourage the spirit and study of the art of public speaking.' It is not 'fomenting' I need; but the book is advanced for me, I have never read one so full of hard words. Yet I was as surprised as M. Jourdain when he found he had been talking prose all his life, to discover that I had been achieving unawares *Enantiosis* (If you say 'He's no fool,' that is *enantiosis*), *Enthymema*, *Homoeoptoton*, *Homoeoteleuton*, *Pathopoeia*, *Paraineticon*, *Polysyndeton*, *Synchoresis*, and feats of that kind all my life. If you say, 'We shall miss our train; we shall be late for dinner; they will be furious,' and add bitterly, 'All right, all right,' implying have it your own way and be damned—that is *Synchoresis*. It is amazing the degree to which rhetoricians have classified and distinguished forms of speech. Indeed, from one aspect this book reminds me of a rock garden full of labels with long strange names on them attached to inconspicuous flowers; the labels have grown much larger, as in a cemetery, than the flowers. (That sentence, by the way, isan example of *Homoeoteleution;* you observe both parts of it end with the same word). Of course, it does not do to think to yourself, 'Now I am going to bring off Enthymema,' which indeed you do whenever you say, 'I shall take my umbrella, for I think it will rain;' since you have suppressed the statement implicit in your reasoning that umbrellas are useful when it rains; but, if you catch yourself using such forms in a speech, and very likely you will, Mr. Ruffin will tell you how best to deliver them.

He analyses the endowment of various famous orators and the qualities which enabled them to sway their audiences. You will find this part of the book more interesting; but it will probably fill you with despair, and so will the pictures of the countenances of these orators. Take Henry Clay. I daresay you could manage most of his favourite forms of oratorical expression, *Anaphora*, *Apostrophe*, *Asteismus*, *Apodixis*, *Asyndeton* (he favoured the A class), *Epagoge*, *Eperotesis*, *Ethos*, *Sermocinatio;* but if your countenance refuses "to beam with animation," your eye to smile or dart flashes, your body, "in moments of vast passion to bend almost double," your "homely mouth to shrink and curve in passion almost to a Grecian chiselling," these achievements will avail you little.

At the end of the book will be found practical general hints to speakers and, immediately before the end, descriptions of the impressions made by such modern orators as Gladstone, Bright, Spurgeon, Bryan, Harding, Lloyd George. These methods are analysed and specimens of their finest passages quoted. These passages are often second or third rate from the point of literature. It looks as though, pen in hand, plenty of time and a passion, many a writer, hardly known to fame, could *write* as good purple patches. Take Bryan's famous speech on bimetallism—the one which ended,

*Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Ltd., 12s. 6d.

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"You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." It drove his audiences (for he repeated it) almost wild with enthusiasm, but read it is merely a trenchant piece of bombast. It is the voice, the man, the giddy whirl of excitement round the speaker, that make the difference. Oratory is a hot-house plant; an orchid that shrivels like to an ignominious object in cool air. Yet it is a splendid art—finer than acting, to which it is sister.

I heard Gladstone when he was a very old man. His voice then was like the dashing of a cascade at the end of a cavern, but old—very old—as he was, there was still surprising animation in his gestures. His great speeches, however, still read well; it is so easy to hear the voice as you read. Gladstone's sentences are so obviously spoken oratorical sentences, not sentences composed with a pen by a man who imagines himself in the act of speaking or merely, like Spurgeon's and Lloyd George's speeches, talk. They are marked by the delays and circumlocutions of elaborate improvisation like the later style of Henry James, and they have dignity of form. You cannot help reading them aloud in your head. (The way to read the later Henry James, by the way, is to read him aloud; sentences which puzzle the eye, in spite of involutions and clauses, then become clear to ear.) There is a tremendous solemnity about Gladstone's sentences; gravity is their characteristic as markedly as fire is the characteristic of a long-dead orator, John Donne, in whom Mr. Ruffin would be interested.

I have not read Mr. Ruffin's book properly, only dipped in it, and I may be doing him a wrong in saying that among his hints to speakers he has not emphasised the paramount importance of sincerity. Sincerity can be faked, but it is hard to do it, and the worst of learning oratory is that it is apt to destroy sincerity until art has become second nature—and even then the art may be more obtrusive than sincerity. There is a story of Carlyle carrying a motion against Gladstone at the meeting which founded the London Library. "Down he came," grumbled Carlyle, afterwards describing the occasion, "like Apollo with his shining bow and quiver; and I a poor simple Orson, with no winged words at command..." This was repeated to Gladstone, who exclaimed: "Simple Orson, indeed! It was the most wily speech I ever heard in my life." Several famous writers are really orators on paper. Carlyle is certainly one; to-day Mr. Wells, I think, is another. The distinctive temperament of the orator is one which is excited by the words. The born orator is even more excited by his own speech than by his subject. He may have learnt his speech by heart, repeated his phrases, as Canning did, again and again in front of a looking-glass, but no sooner does he begin to utter those words, than he is fired like a poet when he first grasps his glittering conception.

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CARDINAL MANNING

BY WILFRID MEYNELL

From *The London Observer*

MR. LESLIE'S book has come at last to fulfil all reasonable and therefore high expectations regarding it. Both in its subject, and in the time of its appearing, it lies under very palpable disadvantages. To begin with, a Cardinal flutters a red robe in the face of John Bull; and if, in addition to a man's adherence to an alien Church, there is his own break with the Church of his birth, he must encounter the very natural disaffection of those whom he has forsaken. A biographer, moreover, coming thirty years after the death of Manning, has to reckon with Purcell's already familiar *Life*—that bold act of biographical brigandage. Admittedly Purcell's book made for a candor till then much missed in ecclesiastical biography; but in that reaction against 'edification,' in that excited quest for quarrels and littlenesses, Purcell was led to a neglect of his other and incumbent obligations. There was no space left for the discovery of high and authentic motives when all the minor and hearsay ones had been meticulously explored—a process begun clumsily by Purcell and carried to artistic perfection by Strachey. The portrait painter who should devote his brush to the sitter's wart and should leave a hole where we look for a nose, would not really give us a portrait, or be excused for his default on the plea that noses are generally exaggerated in full-face photographs. In Manning's case, the result of this malformation by omission was that his closest friends could not recognise him in what purported to be his official biography.

But Mr. Leslie's book is not at all that generally dull affair, a refutal. Here and there he has to note his predecessor's errors of fact; but his pages are a corrective mainly by means of the new matter on which he has been able, by the favour of Manning's representatives and friends, to lay capable hands. Gladstone grimly said that Purcell's biography left little for disclosure at the Last Day. What is certain is that Mr. Leslie shows us that it left a wonderful amount of worth-while matter for disclosure here and now. There is, for instance, the intimate correspondence between Manning and Gladstone himself, in Manning's Anglican days. In after years 'the two old friends were moved to emotion as each sat rereading their letters through a night of memories and sighs.' Gladstone called it 'a night among the tombs,' and Manning testified: 'God knows that when we parted I chose between Him and you.' The letters were then exchanged by the writers, and Manning's were falsely reported by Purcell to have been destroyed. 'Gladstone,' he says, 'was indignant on hearing from me of their fate, saying: "Had I dreamt that Manning would have destroyed those letters I would never have returned them to him." ' There was even a dark suggestion that documents not creditable to Manning's consistency

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he had reduced to ashes. But Mr. Leslie finds and prints them; and, in so doing, incidentally rebuts the statement of Gladstone that they breathed undisquieted content as to the Anglican position. Manning's correspondence, too, with his brother-in-law, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, is printed by Mr. Leslie, who gives also the Cardinal's memorandum about the Jesuits which, indeed, Purcell had before him, but from affectedly prudential motives forbore to print. Besides new and vital material in possession of the Oblates of St. Charles, accidentally or designedly withheld from Purcell, and amounting to as much again as that which he obtained, Mr. Leslie has been able to make lucky dips into the postbags of Cardinals Vaughan and Cullen, of Archbishops Wals and Ullathorne.

This dull recounting of contents ends, and the dullness ends too with the mention of the Manning letters to 'noble women not a few,' first among them Florence Nightingale. Hardly less than Joan of Arc, though with a difference, she discounts Coventry Patmore's dictum that woman must be undistinguished in battle; but not till now have we known of her own stress of soul, as revealed to Manning in a never-to-be-forgotten heart-cry. In 1848, he—then Archdeacon of Chichester—and she and Sidney Herbert, met in Rome, never dreaming that, in little more than five years, they would be historically bound together, Manning as the composer, and Sidney Herbert as the ordainer, of Florence Nightingale's mission in the Crimea. Meanwhile, before this great adventure brought ease to so many bodies and to her own restless spirit, she appealed to Manning, now a priest of Rome to find a place for her in a convent, unconverted to the Roman Church though she must remain. The best available Church she admitted it to be; not, as Manning must exact, the best possible one:

'I dislike and despise the Church of England. She received me into her bosom, But what has she ever done for me? She never gave me work to do for her, nor training to do it if I found it for myself. You think it would be a sacrifice for me to join the Catholic Church, a temptation to remain where I am. If you knew what a home the Catholic Church would be to me! All I want I should find in her. All my difficulties would be removed. She would give me daily bread.'

Healer, heal thyself! But to Manning she revealed wounds, beyond her own or his power of healing, although she wrote in her anguish: 'My heart belongs as much to the Catholic Church as to that of England—oh, how much more!' She thought that the great theological fight had yet to be fought out at home: 'In Germany they know why they are Protestants. I never knew an Englishman who did; and, if he inquires, he becomes a Catholic.' Manning advised her to go to Ireland; and she went to Belfast, only to complain to him of 'that anomalous animal, an Irish Protestant, with infirmaries, poorhouses, all on the model of London'—instead of the model of St. Vincent de Paul. 'I am wearing out,' she wrote. 'I am afraid my heart is broken.' Then came the Crimea—a crime it might spell to Bright; but to Florence Nightingale it was a saving distraction.

Of Manning's marriage with one of 'the sylph-like Sargents' of Lavington there are no new revelations to compare with these of his nearly complete soul union with Miss Night-

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ingale. After Mrs. Manning's early death, he had no thoughts, or at least no intentions, outside celibacy. Miss Byles, after the death of her father, the Judge, lived with her mother at Lavington on terms of close friendship with the Archdeacon. After Mary Byles had followed him to Rome, and had become the second wife of Coventry Patmore, somebody printed 'a whispered tradition' about a former foiled affection: 'I need not say,' wrote Manning in 1881, 'that there is not a shadow of truth in it. From the year 1838 my life has been as it is, and never for a moment has my decision wavered.' His letters to this lady, before and after her marriage, are still preserved in a house in Sussex, not far afield from Lavington; and one passage of an amazing uplinking with his own Rectory was actually written by him as a Roman Cardinal:

I often think that the time when I was seeking, and drawing near to the Divine Reality had in it more *human* support and solace than the present. I say *human*, because it was chiefly so. It was a religion 'in the fields at eventide,' and a church without warfare, and with the imaginary world of faith seen at a distance. Nevertheless, it was a good training, and a good school of Divine Truth. I never cease to bless God for the old daily service, and the steady reading of the Bible through and through. This has been my salvation.

Another friend, Mary Stanley, a sister of the Broad Churchman of Disraeli's (no dogma, no Dean) repartee went to the Crimea under Manning's auspices, and, also with him, on the more arduous spiritual journey to Rome. Aubrey de Vere, whose two or three perfect poems have been too long lost sight of in the mass of their less inspired companions, was one of Manning's earliest men friends to be reconciled to the Church by him. They met in later years at the Athenaeum Club, where Manning renewed old Harrow and Balliol friendships, and formed new ones with Matthew Arnold and Browning and others. Manning's tastes in modern literature were not strongly developed. He read his Dante in preference to his Patmore. But Dickens' works, with their right human feeling, he defined perhaps to the scandal of his Seminarians, as 'a complete course of moral theology.' Generally he regarded books as readings of life, rather than as literature, and of course, he read them in relation to himself. When he had closed Lord Shaftesbury's *Life:* It 'makes me feel that *my* life has been wasted.' His censures were swift as his praises. Wilberforce's *Life* of his father the Bishop: 'The sin of Ham;' and Froude's *English in Ireland:* 'A crime against the Empire.' Ruskin he loved and Ruskin he read. That was nearly the last of his many friendships; they were old men when they came together, and Ruskin admits that he was 'fascinated.' A volume of Wordsworth accompanied Manning when he went on his train journeys to Newcastle or elsewhere to preach Teetotalism or the rights of parents to control the education of their children. Of Francis Thompson he became aware when an article on 'Darkest England' appeared in a magazine before the *Poems* were published, and when Stead wrote to ask who this Thompson was, because General Booth said that, had he such a pen at his service, he could convert England.

Such a biography as Mr. Leslie's *Manning* can but be skirted lightly by the reviewer. Not much more

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than the titles of the chapters lie within his compass. 'A Captain of Harrow,' 'Oxford,' 'Life and Love at Lavington,' 'The Road to Rome,' 'The Wars of Westminster,' 'Ireland,' and 'Ireland Again,' 'The Coming of Democracy,' and 'Towards Evening.' But Manning the Precursor demands a passing mention. 'Were I not Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, I would wish to be a great demagogue,' he said frankly. The rights of Labor were his abiding concern. Workingmen came in and out of his great barracklike house at Westminster. That certain condescension in foreigners, so well appraised by Lowell, had no counterpart in him here. He told the present writer that Leo XIII. had consulted him as to the wording of a famous Encyclical in which the word '*Proletariate*' had been used, and, at Manning's request, deleted. Private benevolence he applauded indeed; but he knew it would not suffice: 'And sure I am of this, that on him who out of his affluence giveth unwillingly the hand of equalising retribution will lie soon, but on him that giveth not it will fall to his annihilation.' That the right to work or the right to bread was the workman's just claim on the State, he put forward in a series of letters to *The Times*, to the harsh music of the laughter of the political economists. He could not separate the Christian from the politican—apparently 'that rare and hardest union that can be.' Once he said. 'If I were an Irish hodman, I should be a drunkard.' It was that appalling conviction that dwelt with him while he sat on the Commission on the Housing of the Poor, and when other people were only discussing the next to royal precedence the then Prince of Wales accorded him. Heaven is our 'home,' God is our 'Father;' and, when he went to the East End and saw what it made of the human place and the human person—these Divine types—he was stirred to anger at this debasing of the currency of Heavenly speech. The Dock Strike took him to the Wade Arms—perhaps the only occasion of his sitting down in a public-house. Then he formulated what now we all know: 'It seems to me that until labor and skill are recognised as capital as truly as gold and silver, the primary and vital relations of the employer and the employed will never be understood.' His distrust of Germany and the predictions he based on it, read now, are almost uncanny in their divination.

Mr. Leslie has done his work exceeding well. At last we get glimpses of the Real Manning—the Manning whom Meredith greeted in that sonnet of soaring association beginning, 'I wakeful for the sky-lark voice in men;' the Manning whom another poet, Mrs. Hamilton King, had in mind when she wrote: 'Lovest thou Me? There is no doubt, O Lord, betwixt Thy saint and Thee.' Many men go to the making of a man; and not all of the crowd are proper company. If there was a man in Manning who was less than the worthiest, a partisan who had to fight others in the rough and tumble of causes; and to fight himself, as he freely says, lest he should be meaner than he would;—that is the man who has hitherto been put before us, but whose figure now recedes into the shades. Rather, I think, will it be said of him as it has already been said of another: He was so great a man, his faults are forgotten, if he had any.

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THE REVIVAL OF THE HARP

BY EDWARD J. DENT

From *The Athenaeum, March* 26

(ENGLISH LITERARY WEEKLY)

WATTS depicted Hope as playing on a harp with one string, and the picture has a certain musical application, for the harp is an instrument which has always raised the hopes of musicians, and still, after endless disappointments, continues to raise them. It is the one instrument of the orchestra which appeals to the eye as well as to the ear. In the days of the Renaissance instruments of various kinds were often made by great painters and sculptors; some, indeed, bear inscriptions to the effect that they were intended to please both sight and hearing simultaneously. The harp is no longer decorated with carving and painting as in the days before the French Revolution, but it still catches the eye in a concert-room. It is the instrument of romanticism, and still perpetuates the architecture of romantic days. The double-action harp came in when Gothic had just become fashionable, and Gothic the design of the harp remains to this day. It was the right dress for its associations.

Associations have been the making and the ruin of the harp. It began to come into favor among musicians when Ossian had set them interested in Celtic bards, and no doubt it was this sudden general interest in harp-playing that set the Cousineaus and the Erards contriving improvements in its mechanism. The mechanism once perfected, the harp became, one might almost say, the mistress rather than the servant of the Romantic movement. The period of its glory is the first half of the nineteenth century. It is curious to note the composers who made frequent use of the harp, and those who neglected it. On the one side are Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, on the other Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms. These latter three employed the harp, it is true, but only on rare occasions. It was clearly understood in the nineteenth century that it might be used in operas but not in symphonies. It was used in symphonic poems, but in strict circles such compositions were reckoned as belonging to the musical *demimonde*.

The present century has brought about a revival of interest in the harp. A number of works have been heard recently in which the harp is introduced into a chamber combination instead of the more obvious piano-forte. In the orchestra it is being handled with much more understanding of its possibilities than was customary fifty years ago. It is curious that in spite of this new movement there should be little or no modern solo music for the harp that is worth playing. A harp recital was given last week by Miss Nancy Morgan. Her programme probably represented the best contemporary harp music that was available, but Saint-Saens was the only name that stood for anything else besides harp music, and Saint-Saens's piece was

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by far the most interesting of the evening. The rest were compositions by harpists, not composers.

It was not by any means the first time that I had gone to a harp concert and come away disappointed. The disappointment was less than usual on this occasion, because Miss Morgan is a player with a real feeling for music, and has temperament enough to force one to listen to her even when the music that she plays is dull and conventional. She is definitely a solo player, in the sense that all pianists aim at being solo players, whereas most harpists are no more than conscientious members of orchestras. That such is the case is the fault of composers rather than of harpists. The harp has become too much an instrument of associations. There are other instruments which have associations, and certain composers have traded upon them often enough; but, on the whole, most of them have settled down into being normal members of the normal orchestra. The harp more often stands out by itself in such a way that the listener is tempted or invited to shut his eyes and call up the picture of some definite character playing it—Tannhauser, Lothario, Orpheus, or an angel. When a composer for any peculiar reason writes a piece for harp solo his invariable instinct is to write the sort of music that he would extemporize if he were demonstratingon the pianoforte what were the characteristic effects of the harp. There must be fat chords, arpeggios, glissandos and harmonics. Since the harp is the instrument of bards, the form must be "rhapsodical," which means that the general result is a string of *clichés* and cadenzas.

Harpists who wish to give concerts might well cast their eyes over the classical literature of the harp. It is true that the greater part of the music composed for the harp in the early nineteenth century is rubbish. It is a different kind of rubbish from the modern stuff. The modern composer seeks to emphasize the peculiar tone-qualities of the harp; the old composers practically ignored them. They knew that the tone-qualities of the harp were so conspicuous that emphasis was unnecessary; if they wrote rubbish, it was the same kind of rubbish—fantasias on popular operas—that Henri Herz and the rest were writing for the pianoforte. But there were some who took the harp seriously. One of these was Bochsa, who eventually eloped with the wife of Sir Henry Bishop, and thereby ruined the reputation of the harp in London. Bochsa's *Méthode*, published in 1815, treats only of the single action harp in E flat, so that one might reasonably expect his outlook to be somewhat limited. But he prefaces it with a long discourse in which he stands up for the harp as being as good an instrument as the pianoforte. Indeed at the moment when the double-action harp was invented, the two were on fairly equal terms. Bochsa clearly expects the same artistic standards from the harpist as are customary among pianists. He insists that the harpist should practise the pianoforte, if only to enlarge his mind, and should play as much pianoforte music on the harp as is manageable. The selection of pieces which he gives for study includes, in addition to many of his own composition, movements from Beethoven's sonatas and fugues of Handel and Bach. Finally, there is a chapter on playing from orchestral score.

Bochsa was succeeded by his pupil, Parish-Alvars, who died in 1849. It

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is almost legitimate to call him the Liszt of the harp, especially when we recollect that Liszt, who was born a few years before him, produced most of his important works after Parish-Alvars was dead. A good deal of Parish-Alvars's work consists of operatic transcriptions, some of which are no worse than Liszt's. There is also an interesting set of pieces written during a tour in the East which may be compared with the 'Années de Pélerinage.' The most notable works are his two concertos for harp and orchestra. It is strangë that our harpists do not revive these. Their style is that of Weber and Mendelssohn. Since it is reported that the most modern composers in Paris are intending to make Mendelssohn fashionable again, while Busoni is turning our attention to Weber, perhaps there may yet be a future for the forgotten works of our great English harpist.

The difficulty of appreciating such music lies in the fact that the harp nowadays has an unfamiliar sound. The pianoforte has become so normal an instrument in every home that most people listen to it in a spirit of complete indifference as to its quality of tone. If this were not the case, we might hear fewer bad pianists and fewer bad pianofortes. The harp is so strange a sound to the ears, even of musicians, that no player would ever dare to give a whole evening of harp music. The admission is a self-condemnation, for it suggests that we go to listen merely to the sound of the instrument, which very soon palls, and not to the music itself. The sound of the instrument palls because the music which it plays is not interesting enough to hold our attention. What interested me at Miss Morgan's recital was not the music, which, if played on the pianoforte, could never have been tolerated for a moment, but certain technical effects, to which it was instructive to listen. If she would have the courage to give a whole programme of harp music, and see that it maintained the same aesthetic standard as an average pianoforte recital, even if it involved playing transcriptions of pianoforte music, she might be able to prove to us that the harp was not so tedious an instrument as is generally believed. It rests with her to make her audience interested in the music rather than in the mechanism.

SPRING IN A DEVON VILLAGE

From *The Saturday Review, March* 25

(ENGLISH TORY WEEKLY)

THE rooks are now busy in the elms of the churchyard, and drifting thwartwise the wind with sticks for their nests. Sometimes a young male bird comes with food for his mate as she pleaches the twigs with claw and beak; she flutters her wings like a fledgeling, gapes widely, and squawks with satisfaction. Daws come to the trees, perching head to the south-west breeze, ejaculating sharply. Periodical visitants are the starlings, their songs of mimicry swelling with sudden rush and wheezing. One bird has learnt the chattering cry of a kestrel, the mating call, and deceives

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the rooks into thinking that one of the brown-barred hawks is near. That rooks are thieves among themselves stealing sticks from their neighbours is well-known. To-day we watched one taking material that a young and enthusiastic sister brought with difficulty every five minutes or so from the distant beech clump. The thief was an artist, she was subtle, and cunning. A quick hop took her to the young bird's pile, she seized a stick and drifted upwards into the wind, swung round in a half circle and brought it to her own nest in the same tree with a soft 'caa-caa,' as though implying relief at reaching home again. Her mate, judging by his white face, is an ancient bird; he is wise; he does no work, fetches no food for his toiling wife; but perches near the nest, approving her method of labour, and guarding its results. He is the nearest approach to a bird 'fence' that it would be possible to find.

A lane of rufous mud leads through the beech-clump. Life here is hard, but the celandines show their spoke-rays to the sun and wind-washed heaven, braving the half-gales that come across the Atlantic, and twirl the fallen numbers of autumn's leaves among their yellow flowers. A tawny owl lives in a pollard beech in this clump; he comes regularly at dusk to the elms and hoots with mournful insistence to the barn owls that roost under the thatch. Rabbits' bones and fur, finches' feathers, and the fragile skulls of mice hang in the crevices of the tree, hundreds of them, some fresh and white, others bleached and hidden under the brown dust of decay that trickles from the old tree's dead heart. Tap his home, and he flaps out, pursued by any small birds searching for spiders or grubs in the spinney. The trees are dwarfed, bent by the salt winds; a few larches grew here, but never more the sap will rise and burst in emerald foam on their wispy branches. Constant buffeting with the winds of the ocean has killed them. A magpie is prospecting the mazed brittleness of one of them for a nesting site; she appears nearly every morning.

Beyond the clump is a combe, or valley, where every year a pair of carrion crows nest. They fly away as soon as they see man, four hundred yards below—they are cunning, and leave nothing to chance. In the stone 'hedges' the celandines, flowers much bigger than those around London, shine like spilled meteor fragments against their jade leaves. Primroses grow with them, and the white blossom of the wild strawberry, and in places the pink campion is unfurling its colours. A flock of linnets sings in a hawthorn, a silver twittering of song coming as the wind drops; with a rustling of wings the flock leaves for the bloom of the gorse which everywhere is scenting the air. The apple trees in the orchard close below are beginning to bud, already goldfinches haunt their lichened branches, now fighting with gold-barred wings aflutter, now pausing to pipe sweet whispers of coming vernal glory, when the blossom shall spill in showers of loveliness. Afar are the burrows, and over their sogged wastes the green plovers wheel and fall, uttering wild calls to the wind, while their mates stand below, diving with broad pinions to earth as though they would die for love. High above a buzzard is sailing. To the right a great horse draws a plough against the skyline, and, like lifted and dancing feathers of whiteness, a dozen gulls follow in its wake; behind

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them trip and whistle four dish-washers, or wagtails. They say in the village that three pairs of ravens are nesting on the headland this year, but we have seen none. In this district a raven has never been known to kill or 'eye-pick' a lamb, even in the memory of the oldest granfer who taps and shuffles his way to the inn every night. The raven has come near to extermination, like the peregrine falcon; but here both of these mighty fliers do not molest the belongings of man; the one feeding on offal and dead rabbits (and occasionally live ones), and the other 'taking' stock doves, and, in summer, turtle doves—stooping at gulls and divers in the early spring just for exuberance of spirit. Certainly every tide leaves its dead among the seaweed and thrown-up wreckage, gulls with their backs torn and ripped by the swift 'blue-hawk.'

LIFE, LETTERS AND THE ARTS

AMERICAN ART IN LONDON

Although lacking in pictures by many distinguished American painters whom one would naturally expect to find represented, the exhibition of contemporary American art at the Grafton Galleries, maintained by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, the sculptor, has attracted a good deal of attention in London. The foreword to the catalogue explains that 'it was not thought necessary to include Whistler or John Sargent; their painting is so well known to the English public,' and that 'corresponding reasons led to the omission of the distinguished American, Mary Cassatt.' E. A. Abbey, William Chase, John La Farge, Winslow Homer, Howard Pyle, Alexander Harrison, de Forest Brush, and George Innes are all omitted. This is partly accounted for by the fact that many of the paintings of these artists are owned by Americans, who are not inclined to risk sending their pictures across the Atlantic for exhibition.

French influence predominates in the pictures displayed, most of the exhibiting painters having studied in Paris. Mr. Guy Pene du Bois. whose very name suggests French nationality, applies the ironic vision of Forain to New York scenes. Mr, Eugene Speicher and Mr. William Glackens are the artistic progeny of Renoir. Mr. Paul Burlin bases much of his art on Picasso, and Mr. Maurice Sterne has accepted the teaching of the French Post-Impressionists. Mr. Childe Hassam has long been an exhibitor in the Paris galleries.

British critics, although admitting that the general level of technique is quite as high as it would be in a British exhibition of the same type, profess to find in it, subtlety rather than strength, and a want of spontaneity and real feeling which recalls the over-ripeness of Parisian art of the last quarter of a century. There appears to be little that is characteristically American in the exhibition.

Mr. du Bois exhibits a number of paintings, among them 'Can You Act?', 'The Doll and the Monster,' and 'The Rough Diamond,' the first genuinely humorous, the two last somewhat sinister. Mr. Speicher exhibits 'The Gold Shawl,' and 'Young Girl's Portrait,' both strongly reminiscent

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of Renoir. Mr. Childe Hassam exhibits 'The Alders' and some New York studies, Mr. Sterne a delicate poetic picture, 'Prince Taking Leave of Princess.'

Other paintings of interest are 'Hudson River in Winter,' by Mr. E. Lawson, 'The High Bridge' and 'Madison Square,' by Mr. Samuel Halpert, 'The End of the March,' by Mr. Allen Tucker, 'Banquet of a Hero,' by Mr. Arthur B. Davies. 'New York from the Harbor,' and 'Victory Day,' by Mr. T. E. Butler, and 'Winter Sunrise on Mount Monadnock,' by Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, also distinguished for his studies of animal coloration.

Mr. George Bellows exhibits a landscape, 'Easter Sunday,' and his famous 'Murder of Edith Cavell.'

Although Mr. P. G. Konody, the critic of the London *Observer*, regards this as a 'capable enough piece of painting,' Sir Claude Phillips of the *Daily Telegraph* describes it as 'an elaborate piece of melodrama,' while Mr. Shane Leslie in *The New Witness* asserts that it is 'nothing more than a highly wrought and effective Raemakers.'

Mr. Leslie indulges in some caustic but amusing bits of criticism. 'Between Rounds,' by Mr. Thomas Eakins, is 'a picture which might be added to any English gentleman's billiard room.' Some animal studies by Mr. Chandler are 'delightful, especially the porcupines, which leave a scratching sensation on visitors.' Mr. Arthur Davies's 'Sphinx Angel,' which has been much admired, 'looks like the Blessed Damozel thinking of going out of business,' and '*La Malade Imaginaire*' of Mr. du Bois reminds Mr. Leslie 'of Mr. George Moore paying a call on Sarah Bernhardt, supposing so great a meeting took place.' The 'Allure of Water,' also by Mr. Davies, is 'a joke on the part of one of the packers, who found an unoccupied half hour on the morning of packing.' Mr. Rockwell Kent's 'House of Dread,' is a 'bad poster.'

Screens and panels in the decorative styles of East and West, painted by Mr. Robert W. Chandler, show brilliant yet harmonious colors, and designs of lively rhythm after the manner of the Javanese, Chinese, and Japanese painters, and the illuminators of medieval manuscripts. A 'Deep Sea Fantasy' screen is covered with fish, coral, weeds, and other plant and animal marine life, so skilfully treated as to avoid confusion, and so co-ordinated that a design of true beauty emerges. Mr. Chandler has also done 'The Death of the White Hart' in the Persian style, and a 'Peacock Decoration' which, in name at least, is reminiscent of Whistler, whose influence appears frequently in the work of the younger artist.

Mr. Rockwell Kent, who, with his little son, recently spent a winter in Alaska, has exhibited 'Alaska Landscape I,' and 'Alaska Landscape II,' besides his weird and fantastic study, evidently inspired by Poe, called 'The House of Dread.' Mr. Frank Rutter, in the London Times, praises his simplicity, directness, and inventive designs, comparing his exposition of the romance of the Far North to the tales of Jack London.

Mr. Shane Leslie concludes his somewhat breezy review of the exhibition by writing:

Rockwell Kent's studies of Alaska, gaunt, uniform, and brilliant, touch the imagination. *One wonders if the artist ever went north to paint them.*

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They give a freezing effect of a hundred leagues from nowhere.

As is well known in America, these pictures are the result of Mr. Kent's winter in Alaska, a fact of which the English critic is evidently not aware but which he deduced accurately enough from the unmistakable genuineness of their atmosphere.

OLD ENGLISH PLAYS

THE Phoenix Society of London is continuing its revivals of Elizabethan and Restoration plays with three productions which are of interest to all who concern themselves with the older English drama. Congreve's *Love for Love*, which was staged March 20 and 22, is to be followed by Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* and by *The Witch of Edmonton*, a play ascribed to Dekker, Ford, and Rowley. The Society's first season gave English theatregoers opportunities to see Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*, Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, Jonson's *Volpone*, Dryden's *Marriage a la Mode*, and Otway's *Venice Preserved*.

The list of the Phoenix Society's plays is of especial interest because it includes Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West* and Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, two plays which, though of great interest as illustrating the history of the stage, are almost never revived and are unknown save as closet-drama.

Even so fine a piece of work as *The Duchess of Malfi* has been given only a few performances since it was played under the direction of William Poel in 1892.

The *Fair Maid of the West* is one of the more than two hundred plays in which Heywood, whose 'Red Bull' playhouse was a favorite with the subjects of the good Queen Bess, claimed a share. *Bartholomew Fair* is one of the less known plays of the scholarly Jonson, who never became a favorite with the 'groundlings.' Together they represent the extremes of the English drama of their time.

MARSHAL FOCH IN ENGLAND

ACCORDING to *L'Opinion*, it has become something of a fashion among Englishmen to name their pets for Marshal Foch. Among the animals thus honored are a large number of dogs, which, says this journal, the English take pains to bring to the attention of their French visitors.

'Perhaps,' adds the writer, 'the marshal has already had occasion, in England, to find himself face to face with one of these "Fochs." We wonder in what degree he finds this eulogy enjoyable.'

Garibaldi once took a huge delight in naming his favorite donkey 'Pio Nono,' after the Pope against whom he had fought, but that was scarcely intended to be flattering.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH COLONIAL NOVELS

M. ALBERT SARRAUT, Ministre des Colonies, seeking to encourage writers in the French possessions, has included in his budget a prize for colonial literature. The first winner is M. Jean Marquet, who has written *De la Riziere a la Montagne*, a story of peasant life in Annam.

An Australian prize novel, *The Ashes of Achievement*, by Frank A. Russell, has just been published in Melbourne. Its scene, too, is laid in the country with which its author is most familiar. It abounds in characterizations of Australian life and people, and exhibits at times a ten-

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dency to caricature which is strongly reminiscent of Dickens.

Both novels are regarded as showing the possibility of further developments in colonial literature, but M. Marquet has evoked much more enthusiasm among his compatriots than has Mr. Russell among his.

M. François de Tessan writes of *De la Riziere a la Montagne:*

> We shall hope that each year colonial literature will be enriched with as fine a book as this, and that one day it will give us even a Kipling, for the jungle of Indo-China is better material by far than the jungle of India.

EXPLAINING SCRIABIN

In order to make it easier for his hearers to understand the difficult 'Seventh Sonata' of Scriabin, whose later piano works present a problem in 'appreciation' to all but the best educated musically, Edward Mitchell, the English pianist, in a recent London recital adopted the plan of playing the entire composition twice over. Mr. Mitchell placed this apparently enigmatic sonata at the beginning of his program, and by a few spoken remarks and an explanation of the themes, he showed that it has a perfectly definite form. Some other pieces followed, and then the pianist played the 'Seventh Sonata' for the second time.

Not content with this, Mr. Mitchell, who has specialized the music of Scriabin and has done much to make his idiom familiar to English audiences, played his *Third Sonata* on the same programme. The audience quite evidently enjoyed the novel arrangement of the music and found the Russian composer far more intelligible than he would otherwise have been.

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[*The Poetry Review*]

AN OLD GARDEN

BY BEATRICE MOLYNEUX

THERE is an old, old garden,
  A wilderness of weed,
Where thorns and thistles flourish,
  And queer things run to seed.

No touch of human sorrow,
  No breath of sin can kill
The sacred mem'ries ling'ring
  In that old garden still.

The holy angels weeping,
  Fold their white wings in prayer.
For it was once called Eden,
  And God, Himself, walked there.

And in that old, old garden,
  His hands and feet nail-torn,
Christ waits. A lonely Monarch,
  Crowned with a Crown of Thorn!

[*The London Mercury*]

MY PRAYER

BY NINA CUST

O GOD, my God, where'er Thou art,
Keep my beloved in Thy Heart:
Fold in Thy Heart that heart so bright,
Heal him with Thy most gentle light.
And since Thou mad'st forgetfulness,
Forget whate'er Thou find'st amiss:
And since Thou mad'st remembering,
Remember every lovely thing.
And then, my God, lean down and see
And, pitying, remember me.

[*The Japan Magazine*]

A NIGHT SCENE

"YUKI wa chira chira,
  Yo wa shin shin to,
Otoko-namida ni
  Morai-jichi."

"The snow is falling,
  The darkness advancing—
A man in tears is seeking a motherly
    breast
  For his forlorn babe."

[*The New Statesman*]

SCIENTIFIC RAPTURE

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

TIME flows not as those hearts that
    knock
Together with bewildered haste,
Each in its paradise embraced.

His chimes from gloom-built minsters
    mock
Love's parleying plight, when he
    foretells
Silence with tongues of shuddering
    bells.

But I'll be daunted by no clock,
Since in your cuckooing Face I see
Not Time but Relativity.

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[*The Spectator*]

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER

BY J. CUTHBERT SCOTT

UPON a mossy root he sat,
Beneath an aged fairy tree,
In buckled shoes and three-cocked hat,
And breeches gartered at the knee,
As ugly as a chimpanzee.
His eyes were bright, and in them shone
That spirit of luaghing mockery
Betokening a Leprechaun.

He hammered at a fairy boot,
And gaily whistling as he wrought
Kept beating time with tiny foot
To tune that mortal never taught.
I stole behind, and swiftly caught
Him where his doublet's points were drawn:
He was not troubled or distraught,
That philosophic Leprechaun.

"Yield me your treasure, quick!" I said.
Wrinkling his nose, he sudden lied:
"That branch is falling—mind your head!"
My eye a moment glanced aside,
Whereat he bolted, grinning wide,
And vanished like a dream at dawn.
Then from the bushes mocking cried,
"You've lost your lucky Leprechaun!"

'Tis ever thus in Erin's Isle:
An elf fantastic leads you on;
Hope greets you with a genial smile—
Then mocks you like a Leprechaun!

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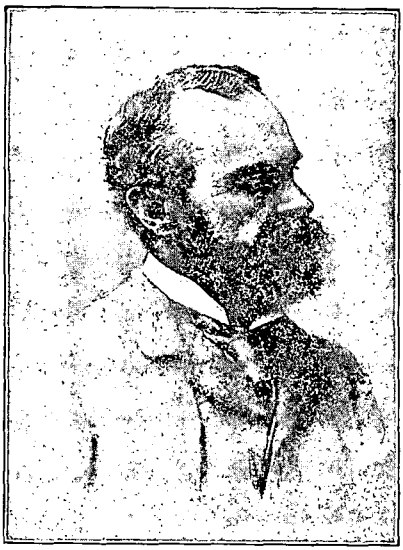
Edited by his son, HENRY JAMES



To William Dean Howells.

. . . I have been reading your "Indian Summer" and it has given me about as exquisite a kind of delight as anything I ever read in my life, in the line to which it belongs. How you tread the narrow line of nature's truth so infallibly is more than I can understand. Then the profanity, the humor, the humanity, the morality — the everything! In short, 't is cubical, and set it up any way you please 't will stand. . . . But I won't discriminate or analyze. This is only meant for an inarticulate cry of viva Howells. I repeat it: long live Howells! God grant you may do as good things again! I don't believe you can do better.

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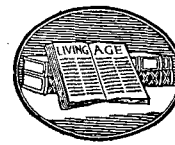

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